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FIRSTFRUITS.

ON Saturday last Mr. GLADSTONE's third Administration took over from its predecessors the government of England. On Monday last the streets of the capital of England were, for the first time in the memory of the present generation, in the hands of a plundering mob. The coincidence is very curious and interesting, and it deserves examination. We notice more fully elsewhere the part of the matter concerning the scoundrels who immediately provoked the riot, and the incompetent officials who permitted it. Here it is sufficient to state the simple fact that, with a police force of some twelve thousand strong at disposal, and midway betwixt two great cavalry barracks, neither of which was ten minutes' ride from the scene of disorder, a mob, convened long before and in circumstances known to be dangerous, was allowed to do what it pleased for more than an hour. That, not to mention the police, a score or so of dragoons will scatter any such mob at the mere sight of their plumes is a perfectly well-known fact, and one on which it is not necessary to insist. Nor need we here do more than notice the extreme absurdity of the excuse made for Mr. CHILDERS (for Sir EDMUND HENDERSON no one has been able to attempt any excuse) that he has just come into office. The duties and arrangements of a Government department scarcely require to be changed afresh from Chaos to Cosmos at each incoming of a new chief; and a Home Secretary can scarcely plead want of time in which to learn that it is part of his duty to protect London from sack. But of these things, and of the almost equally scandalous neglect which has allowed the inciters of the riot to go at large, we speak, as we have said, elsewhere. It is important, and perhaps first of all important, to consider a different question from the question of the incompetence of a CHILDERS or the criminal lunacy of a HYNDMAN, a different cause from the wickedness which instigated and the stupidity which did not prevent. Mr. GLADSTONE, his admirers say, can do anything. He has certainly done in this instance what might have seemed impossible; he has made some Englishmen sigh for one hour of Lord SIDMOUTH. It is certainly worth considering what may have led to such an astonishing regret as this.

The Government which has come into office contains as head and chief Mr. GLADSTONE himself. He has just come back to office, as he came into office six years ago, on the plain principle that lawless violence should be admitted as a just cause for legislative changes affecting the rights of property and the institutions of the realm. The most ignorant man who reads a newspaper knows Mr. GLADSTONE's own account of the reasons for disestablishing the Irish Church, is aware that Mr. GLADSTONE passed the Irish Land Act because Irishmen committed further outrages, and expects that Mr. GLADSTONE is going to dissolve the Union because Irishmen have gone on committing them. The head of the Government is thus an embodied representation of the doctrine that force is a remedy when it is lawless force; that if men will blow up gaols, will shoot landlords, will murder Irish Secretaries, they shall get what they want; while since the opening of this very Parliament Mr. GLADSTONE has talked about settling accounts with landowners and has voted for the compulsory transfer of property. So much for the PRIME MINISTER. But who is the foremost man in ability and practical power in Mr. GLADSTONE's present Cabinet? It is Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—the Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN who, but a few short months ago, laid down,

and has in various forms constantly repeated, that the property-owning portion of society owes "ransom" to the unpropertied part of it for the security it enjoys; who has asked in so many words, and has reprinted the question in the authorised edition of his speeches, "What will it [society] give in return for the restrictions it places on the liberty of action of those of its members who would make very short work of private property if they were left alone?" That is Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's description of the relations between the Haves and the Have-nots; the Haves owe the Have-nots a return for the restrictions placed on such liberty of action as that of Monday. And Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a Cabinet Minister. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS is not a Cabinet Minister, and his exact words are of less importance. But he is or is going to be a Minister, and every working-man in the kingdom knows that Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's darling project is the compulsory transfer of property to a certain class of working-men, and that the present Government has come into office nominally at least to carry out that project. Yet again, the Under-Secretary for Home Affairs is Mr. BROADHURST. Mr. BROADHURST is believed to be in the ordinary sense a perfectly honest man, and we have no reason to doubt that he regards with horror the looting of watches and the wrecking of shops. But Mr. BROADHURST, when all is said, is nothing but a paid agitator; a man who has lived for years on endeavours to obtain, no doubt by perfectly lawful means, increased gains for other working-men. He is rewarded for this agitation by high place, and by what seems to the ordinary working-man, no doubt, an enormous salary. This is the reward of strictly lawful agitation; though in his time, as in the matter of the gas-stokers, Mr. BROADHURST has shown himself in sympathy with agitation which was by no means lawful. But such fine distinctions are less likely to be understood among working-men than the unequivocal words quoted above, and there is no doubt that they see in the new UNDER-SECRETARY a triumphant example of "self-help," and an embodiment of the fact that the working-man has at last got his hand on the door of the national treasure-chamber.

Now we ask very quietly and without the least passion whether, with such men and such things in high places, sensible men can wonder at the spirit which found vent (owing, no doubt, directly to stupidity in other high places) on Monday. Mr. GLADSTONE talks of settling accounts, in his way, with landowners; the London roughs go and settle accounts, in their way, with jewellers. Mr. GLADSTONE grants Disestablishment, grants Land Acts, is believed to be prepared to grant Home Rule, in response to the demand of violence and outrage; the disciples of Mr. HYNDMAN employ violence and outrage to get their demands, the Social Republic and the rest of it, granted. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asks what return society will make for the restrictions it places on the liberty of those who would make short work of private property. The persons to whom he so pointedly refers think it better not to enter into tedious calculations, and make short work of private property without more ado. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS advocates the compulsory transfer (no doubt with some formalities which a mob is little likely to regard) of acres; the mob advocates and carries out without any formalities the compulsory transfer of watches. Mr. BROADHURST, if he represents anything, represents the desire of a certain class to obtain, in his case by recognized and lawful means, a larger share of wealth than at present, at the expense of another class; the East-

end loafers who put breakfast-dishes in their pockets on Monday had the same desire, but carried it out in a frankly illegal way. In short, the most characteristic members of the present Government, with perhaps the exception of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, the members who are not merely old hands, or official hacks, or representatives of Parliamentary interests that had to be cajoled and conciliated, or happy possessors of safe seats who could be made Ministers without danger, are in different ways representative of the doctrines of ransom, of the sacredness of agitation, of the right of numbers to settle questions of property in their own favour, of redistribution of national wealth. All of them, no doubt, independently of the inconvenience to themselves, would reprobate the proceedings of Monday most strongly and most sincerely. But all of them have advocated principles, have used means, have avowed convictions which in ignorant and excited minds, and perhaps in some minds which are neither ignorant nor excited, must seem to differ but very little in kind from the means employed, from the principles and convictions illustrated, on Monday. We blame, and most justly, both the instigators and their tools; we blame also, and quite as justly, the incompetent officials who did not prevent the outbreak. We shall perhaps imprison, and, if they had been a little more violent or a little more unlucky, we might have had to hang, some of the first. We ought to, though we shall probably not, cashier some of the second. But the real, the chief, the original criminals are not in either class, and that they are where they are is the root of the evil.

THE RIOTERS AND THE LAW.

THE hesitation of the Government in bringing HYNDMAN, BURNS, CHAMPION, and WILLIAMS to trial for the offences which they notoriously committed, or incited the dregs of the criminal population to commit, is not more deeply discreditable than some previous feats of their statesmanship, and therefore ought not to surprise, however profoundly it may disgust, any reasonable person.

The undisputed facts are these. For two or three hours a mob of several hundred persons, after listening to the incitements of the above-mentioned orators, one at least of whom is known to have personally superintended their translation of precept into practice, marched along the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis breaking windows and occasionally pillaging shops. Every person who took an active part in that proceeding, and was a consenting party to the misdeeds of the actual perpetrators, committed a misdemeanour by the 12th section of the Malicious Injuries to Property Act, 1861, which forbids riotous damage to houses or other buildings, and is liable to a maximum punishment of seven years' penal servitude. Yet the ringleaders, some of whom parleyed with a Cabinet Minister at a Government office the very morning after this outrage, have not, at the moment of writing, been arrested, or had any charge preferred against them. Sir EDMUND HENDERSON merits nothing but instant dismissal, except upon the hypothesis that the HOME SECRETARY, knowing what might reasonably be expected, expressly ordered him to hold his hand. Nothing could prove more completely the ghastly incompetence which public opinion attributes to Mr. CHILDESS than the fact that the current rumour that something of this kind actually took place should not be universally scouted as madly impossible. Under any other circumstances Sir EDMUND must have stopped the riot, at any rate before the mob quitted Hyde Park, and would have had the principal offenders in custody before it was dark. If he had been a man of moderate spirit and energy, he might have had them committed for trial the same evening. As it was, his total neglect of the duties which any Englishman with his opportunities of knowledge and action ought to have performed, and which he is paid to perform, left the question open for the Government to consider; and, when we remember that the Government is Mr. GLADSTONE's, we know what that is only too likely to lead to. They have not the excuse of any doubt about the law. True it is that in another aspect of the matter the law is in a highly deplorable condition. It is the almost universal opinion among lawyers, and is only too probably the correct one, that, inasmuch as there could be no evidence of an intention to destroy the houses which were injured or robbed, but, on the contrary, clear evidence of an intention to do nothing more than rob and injure them, the unfortunate persons whose premises were wrecked and

whose property was stolen can obtain no compensation from the Hundred, or from any one except the rioters themselves, who, in the first place, cannot be found, and, in the second place, if they could, would certainly be, in the current but singularly inappropriate phrase of the bar, "not worth powder and shot." At the same time the suggestion made by "Q. C." in the *Times*, that some of the ringleaders may be civilly responsible, deserves full consideration. The criminal law, however, is perfectly clear, and is as we have stated. Every one knows that it has been grossly infringed, and every one knows who the principal offenders were. Not to prosecute them is to invite every criminally-disposed person in London to come and do the like or worse. No civilized nation can afford to be indefinitely pillaged by thieves, and every one knows that officially-fostered revolution does not stop at pillage.

There is one more matter to be borne in mind as regards HYNDMAN and BURNS. Monday's outbreak was no accident. If any one chooses to read any of the recent numbers of a newspaper called *Justice, the Organ of the Social Democracy*, to which these two men are constant contributors, he will see that they and their friends have for some time been doing their utmost to promote the destruction by violence of the existing English State. There is this to be said for them, that, like their fellow-Jacobins in Ireland, they do not affect the least disguise about what they intend to do if the cowardice of the enormous majority of their fellow-citizens allows them free play. In the number of the paper published last week the first paragraph commends the murder of M. WATRIN at Decazeville, and charges him with vile crimes, in the manner of the patriots across St. George's Channel. The third paragraph compares a Welsh colliery-owner and agent, by name, to M. WATRIN, and observes that, if they "both met with their death . . . " you would be very sorry" for them, "wouldn't you?" "We shouldn't." On the next page is a leading article threatening "the contemptuous members of the Reform Club" with the "vengeance" of the Social Democrats, and declaring that the reason why "nothing has come of our agitation" is that "Englishmen," not being Irishmen, have not "shot a dozen landlords and capitalists or stabbed a Chief Secretary to death in Hyde Park." This article is signed "H. M. HYNDMAN." This number of the paper is not exceptional in character. It is not the first in which the murder of private individuals has been more than hinted at. This is the man who was the principal speaker in Trafalgar Square, and whom the Government hesitates to prosecute.

THE CAUCUS.

AN elaborate series of articles published in the *Times* has furnished those who are curious on the subject with ample details of political organization in different parts of the country. As might be expected, Birmingham has brought the Caucus to its highest perfection. London lags behind provincial towns, probably because the metropolitan districts are purely artificial conglomerations of electors. As a general rule no Londoner knows much of his neighbours, and voters only communicate with one another in preparation for near or distant elections. In Birmingham and other large towns there are common interests, even among those who are not actually engaged in the staple trades of the place. It is even found possible to cultivate a kind of local patriotism, and to keep alive some political traditions. The most respectable motive which induces a Birmingham Radical to repeat the political phrases of his leaders is the knowledge that his father or grandfather belonged to the same party in the remote days of the Reform Bill. The Conservative Caucuses are sometimes taunted with their close imitation of the machinery invented by their opponents. But it may be said that they allow greater liberty to their members, and that they meddle less constantly and less vexatiously with the conduct of their candidates and representatives. That there should be an art of managing elections, and that its practitioners on all sides should employ similar methods, is an unfortunate necessity. In the intervals between elections the Conservative Clubs and Committees for the most part suspend their external operations, and confine their energies to their proper business of canvassing electors. The impudent remonstrances which are constantly addressed by the Radical Caucuses to members who may have given an honest vote are peculiar to their party. It is surprising that public

spirit should so often enable Conservatives to defeat their adversaries notwithstanding the inferiority of their organization. On the whole, the Caucus system is both practically and historically a Radical contrivance.

One of the most remarkable achievements of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. SCHNADHORST, and their associates is the abolition for all purposes except the actual election of all limitations of the suffrage. Any Liberal in Birmingham of full age can, if he thinks fit, take part in the process which is called in the United States the primary election. It is not necessary that he should be a householder or a qualified lodger, if only he is prepared to conform to the dominant faith. A consequence is that the constituency might possibly be controlled by non-electors; but there is little risk of such a result, because the numerous body which is chosen by the mass of Liberals has itself no real power. The managers of the whole business really select the members of the Council, taking care to exclude all but Radical candidates. Moderate Liberals, after giving the Caucus a general support, find themselves excluded from any voice in either its selection of candidates or in its general policy. The whole scheme fulfills the design of its authors by placing all real power in the hands of a few active intriguers. The Parliamentary members depend on the favour of the astute leaders of the Caucus, and they finally sink from the position of representatives to the humbler position of obedient delegates. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN probably hopes by the aid of the federated Caucuses to exercise the same dictatorship which Mr. PARNELL has attained by other methods. It is not impossible that he or some more fortunate rival may succeed. A few spirited members of Parliament, including Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. FORSTER, and Mr. COWEN, have successfully set the Caucus at defiance; but its own nominees are incapable of resistance, and time-servers will always outnumber the independent politicians who are strong enough to stand by themselves. The wire-pullers are nevertheless impatient of opposition, and they are ingenious in their precautions against its frequent recurrence.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's demand of ransom from owners of property, to be levied by means of graduated taxation, has attracted so much indignant attention that some of his subsidiary measures have been generally overlooked. In some of his earlier speeches during the last autumn he proposed that members should be paid for their services, not by their respective constituents, but at the national expense. The arguments by which he supported his scheme were even more suggestive than the project itself. One of his principal objects was, of course, to open the House of Commons to classes which have hitherto, with some exceptions, been excluded by the expense of living in London or the necessity of earning a maintenance in their various occupations. Democratic agitators naturally prefer the most manageable instruments, and they find their steadiest supporters among the least educated part of the community. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was probably aware that the docility which he required might perhaps not serve as a sufficient recommendation for his plan. He therefore propounded the novel doctrine that politics were a profession, and that they accordingly ought to be regularly studied, and to serve as means of making a regular livelihood. Legislation was, as he professed to believe, as difficult a business as the study of the law of medicine, and it ought, therefore, to furnish a regular occupation, and to return a legitimate profit. An ingenious person who lately proposed that briefless barristers should be employed as jurymen unconsciously coincided in theory with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It had been understood that juries represented popular and non-professional opinion as contrasted with the judgment of experts. Unpaid members of the House of Commons discharge a similar function, being supposed to have no corrupt or personal interest in the measures which they supported or opposed.

Probably Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposal may have been immediately borrowed from Irish practice. Popular leaders have both in O'CONNELL's time and at the present day taken the selection of members out of the hands of the constituencies. The device of rendering them dependent for subsistence on their patron is of recent origin. It is understood that most of the Nationalist members depend on allowances provided out of the funds which are contributed by the enemies of England in the United States. A few of the number have independent means of their own; but the majority would be punished for any disobedience to their leader, not merely by the withdrawal of their Parliamentary mandate, but by the loss of their salaries. Mr.

PARNELL is compelled from time to time to assert his authority against jealous and mutinous subordinates; but his success has hitherto enabled him to dispose at pleasure of more than eighty votes in the House of Commons, and to negotiate with the PRIME MINISTER of England on equal terms. The chief of the English Caucus may well envy a rival who has so thoroughly mastered a large body of humble adherents. With equal following of paid dependents Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might dictate the amount of ransom which would be extorted from a helpless community. No reasonable objection can be taken to the payment received by a few working-men who have thus far found admission to the House of Commons, but their necessary dependence on the pleasure of their constituents is a reason for not regarding a large increase of their number with unqualified satisfaction. They unavoidably become professional politicians of the type which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN approves, though they are not servile followers of any party leader. Even if any of them were open to offers of pecuniary advantage, it would be useless to buy them, unless their constituencies also could be bought. Ordinary members of Parliament may not be better entitled to respect, but they are in a more fortunate condition. It has always been the English custom to expect gratuitous public service from the wealthier members of the community, and, as a general rule, nothing would be gained by paying for the services of a needier class. It would be invidious to dwell on the necessary deficiencies of artisans who may aspire to be statesmen. There is some inconsistency in denying the existence of advantages which are at the same time objects of envy. If leisure, cultivation, and varied opportunity confer no superiority on those who enjoy them, the so-called rich ought no longer to be taunted with their possession of a monopoly.

It is true that in France, in the United States, and in some other countries members of the Legislature receive salaries, or, as they are sometimes called, indemnities. The French practice would be sufficiently justified by economical reasons, if it were not also regarded as a symbol of democratic equality. There are whole departments in which there are not half a dozen residents of competent private fortune; and the character and social position of the deputies are for the most part not such as to give them personal influence. It would be indecorous to criticize too severely the working of foreign institutions; but it is notorious that the most patriotic Frenchmen are dissatisfied with the results of their present representative system. Members of the American House of Representatives are indebted for their seats to the operation of the same machinery which has hitherto regulated the distribution of all official places. The reform of the Civil Service will probably render still more eager the competition for appointments which cannot be determined by examination or regulated in deference to claims of seniority. Election to Congress is the reward of political services, and in most of the States it is understood that, after one or two sessions, the incumbent must make room for a successor who is entitled to his turn. The State Legislatures, though they discharge necessary functions, command little respect; and even the Federal House of Representatives is but rarely occupied with important legislation. The frequent change of members effectually guards against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's project of converting a representative of the people into a professional agent. It may be assumed that other States have reasons for the institutions which they maintain. In England it is wholly unnecessary and thoroughly undesirable to substitute paid dependents of a demagogue or a Caucus for the classes which now furnish candidates for the House of Commons. Political organization is sufficiently mischievous without fresh aggravations of its evil tendencies.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE MINISTRY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Ministry is now fully constituted, and we have two apologies to make in reference to our remarks on it when it was still in process of constitution. The first is to Lord NORTHBROOK, who, whatever may be thought of his administrative ability, has proved himself an honest man by declining to join the Ministry. The second is to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, to whom we did the injustice of believing him foolish enough to sacrifice place to principle. Two months ago Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN claimed the votes of his present constituents on the ground that they must "choose between Mr. GLADSTONE and a United Kingdom" or Mr. PARNELL and the destruction of the "Empire." He has now taken office under Mr. GLADSTONE

to carry out the views of Mr. PARNELL. But he has wisely taken an office which does not make it necessary to fight Denbighshire once more. Some very silly people have triumphantly urged the unopposed re-election of certain Ministers as a proof of the confidence of the country. In the first place, the severe winnowing which the General Election inflicted on Mr. GLADSTONE's most trusted adherents left most of those who survived with tolerably safe seats. In the second place, the disingenuous avoidance by Mr. GLADSTONE himself and by all his followers of distinct committal to a distinct Irish policy has made it possible for those Liberals who, as has been pointed out before, have for nearly twenty years been accustomed to make trust in Mr. GLADSTONE their sole article of political faith to continue, for the time being, blind and deaf to all else. Nothing that has as yet been said by anybody (except, perhaps, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, whose views were known before) is absolutely incompatible with the retention of Parliamentary control over Ireland; and, discreditable as is this conspiracy of equivocation, it has evidently been resorted to on purpose to turn the difficulty of the re-elections.

This, however, is only a temporary expedient, and its success, if it succeeds, does not seriously affect either the strength or the prospects of the Ministry. A week's further consideration of that Ministry certainly does not make it appear any stronger in eyes which have the faculty of seeing. The strange jumble of offices and men, every incongruity of which is a tacit confession of some special difficulty, is more and more glaring, and has been brought out in the strongest relief by the riot of Monday. If Sir WILLIAM HARcourt was not an ideal Home Secretary, he was at least keenly alive to possible dangers; it would appear that Mr. CHILDER'S experiences at the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Exchequer have ingrained in him the habits of dignified and leisurely consideration which are usual in all three. No other Minister has yet had time to distinguish himself individually; but the whole Ministry has had time to deepen the impression of weakness and incompetence which it at first produced. The troubles which Lord SALISBURY's vigorous policy had almost laid abroad have become menacing again since his resignation was certain; and though the difficulties may be due to what is vulgarly called a "try on," they are none the less difficulties. A Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE has always been a signal for foreign Powers to make attempts hostile to English interests, but a Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE weakened and discredited by secessions, by the want of a Parliamentary majority, by the actual exclusion of not a few of its own members from Parliament, and by events like that of Monday, must be more than ever tempting, not only to the positive enemies of this country, but to those merely businesslike friends who hold as to friendship the robust and common-sense doctrines of Mr. LOWTEN in *Pickwick*.

But it may be readily admitted that there is no immediate probability of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry owing its fall (if, most happily for the country, it should fall) either to foreign affairs or even to its own intrinsic weakness. Weaker Ministries as far as ability and even character go have stood long before now, and in foreign affairs there is rather possible than actual danger. The real rocks ahead must be Mr. GLADSTONE's attempts to discharge or to shuffle off the tremendous liabilities which he has incurred in and since his election campaign. This singular Ministry (the members of which admit by the mouth of nearly the ablest of all and the most concerned with the particular question that they really do not know what Mr. GLADSTONE is going to do about Ireland, and have taken office in uncertainty whether they are expected to join in the destruction of the Union or not) has come into a property so encumbered with charges and mortgages of every kind, with its own post-obits on the termination of Lord SALISBURY's Government, and with the undertakings of legislation which Lord SALISBURY's Government itself had given before it went out, that surely no Ministerial estate was ever dipped in such a fashion before. The chief creditor, it need not be said, is Mr. PARNELL; and it is equally unnecessary to say how little likely Mr. PARNELL is to accept less than twenty shillings in the pound. Apparently it is the hope of the Government that he will take much less than twenty, that he will accept such a composition as will enable their supporters to say that the integrity of the Empire has not been injured. We shall see. After Mr. PARNELL comes Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, Minister and heavy encumbrancer, with the Three Acres and a Cow demand for England in his hand, and behind him the

Crofter claims in Scotland, and perhaps the Land Bill demand for Wales. Then there is the question of procedure, on which Mr. GLADSTONE is bound not only by his own words (they are but green withes to this peculiar SAMSON), but by his opponents' acts. The last is far the least difficult, but it is also the least pressing. And here (arisen since the Ministry came into power, and probably in consequence of their having come into power) is a new question, far more menacing and important than any other, except that of Ireland—the question of want of employment, and of the means to be taken to satisfy the wants and quell the discontent of the lower classes in the towns. They were almost neglected by the Radical propagandists in the last election campaign—first, because little was hoped from them; and, secondly, because no such obvious bribe as the three acres and the cow could be held out to them. It is not long since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, from his armchair, backed by policemen, rated representatives of this class among his own townsmen, as Lord ELLENBOROUGH might have rated their predecessors from the Bench in the old days of riot which seem to be returning. But they, too, have appreciated the ransom doctrine, and when it is remembered that the real distress in some of the large towns of the North is far greater than in London, and the poison of Socialist ideas certainly not less prevalent, it will be seen at once that there is a condition-of-England question which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have brought on themselves to a great extent, but which they cannot hope to put away for their own convenience. And when all the minor fads by pandering to which Mr. GLADSTONE has got back into power, all the jarring interests, all the contradictory crotches of his followers, are taken into consideration, it will probably be allowed that his transaction with Mr. PARNELL, if it is the most serious and greatest of his occupations and liabilities, is very far from being the only serious and great one among them. It would be sheer hypocrisy, and want of patriotism as well, to wish him well through his troubles. May they get the better of him as soon and at as little cost to the country as the long suffering fortune of England may permit to English folly!

FREEDOM VERSUS PATRONAGE.

IT is not too much to say that every one who cares about the social condition of the London poor should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the letter from Mr. WALTER BESANT which appeared in last Wednesday's *Times*. Of course, being of real value, it was put into the outer sheet, the more prominent parts of the paper being reserved for such sagacious correspondents as the old gentleman who will subscribe no more to hospitals because he had his eyeglasses broken in Monday's riot. Mr. BESANT replies to Canon WILBERFORCE, the very intemperate advocate of temperance, falsely so called. Mr. BESANT will no doubt suffer the fate of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, and be screamed at by eloquent and hysterical Canons for the heresy which he propounds. It is Mr. BESANT's belief that, if a working-man wants a glass of beer, there is no reason why he should not have it. To many people who call themselves Liberals this doctrine is anathema, and among them is the Reverend BASIL WILBERFORCE. Dr. JOHNSON frankly confessed that he had become a water-drinker because he could not drink wine in moderation. It is impossible to suppose that such can be the position of the Reverend BASIL, whose desire to curtail the enjoyments of his fellow-creatures must be set down to amiable and conscientious fanaticism. Canon WILBERFORCE, when he hears of a new institution, immediately asks himself the great, the all-absorbing question, Will intoxicating liquors be sold on the premises? If so, the CANON shakes the dust from his cassock at that institution. Now the Beaumont Trustees are about to enrich the East End with a great playground, surrounded by libraries, reading-rooms, and lecture-rooms. It will be in the main a place of recreation, and Canon WILBERFORCE is afraid that the liquid consumed there may not be confined to those body-and-soul-destroying concoctions known as "temperance drinks." Accordingly he addresses a stern inquiry to the Trustees through the *Times*. We hope that there is no chance of an admirable undertaking being spoiled by the intrusion of pedantic tyranny. If anybody knows the manners, morals, tastes, habits, and capabilities of the East End it is Mr. BESANT. The Palace which is about to be reared has been

described in anticipation by him. "The London working-man," says Mr. BESANT, "if he is to look upon this place as entirely his own, his place of recreation as well as of instruction, will insist upon being treated as a free and rational being, able to run alone and fettered by no grand 'motherly legislation.' There is a vast deal too much condescension about the way in which some fine ladies and gentlemen provide amusement for the poorer classes. Nobody resents patronage more than the people who are expected to be gratified by treatment of this sort. Those who really desire to give pleasure and to do good must remember that independence of character is a virtue not monopolized by any section or sections of society, and that nowhere is it more prominent than in the class which works for weekly wages. This has been said before. But it will have to be said again, for it is constantly forgotten. If the givers of an entertainment for 'the poor' behave as though they were conscious, or tried to feel conscious, of the inferiority of the audience to themselves, their demeanour will occasion just offence. They may not be immediately made aware of it; but, if they are not, it will only be because their guests are better bred than themselves.

These remarks may not seem very directly applicable to the People's Palace. But the principle is the same in both cases. If Canon WILBERFORCE ever did such a worldly thing as go out to dinner, and if he were given no potatoes because his host thought that potatoes would not agree with him, he would probably feel that he was not being treated with perfect politeness. The People's Palace is intended, not to enforce a theory, but to afford interest and refreshment to a large number of persons whose opportunities of both are severely curtailed by circumstances. There is every hope that all the money wanted will be obtained, and that the enterprise will prove a splendid success. The QUEEN has stimulated subscriptions by contributing. Lord ROSEBERY has promised a swimming-bath, and everything appeared to be going smoothly, when the respectable and inevitable CANON put in what we hope we may call without irreverence his oar. He has, however, done more good than he intended, by providing the occasion for Mr. BESANT's admirable remonstrance. "The working-man," as Mr. BESANT well says, "is not a child, and he will not be treated as a child. There will be a large number, and perhaps a yearly increasing number, of temperance men in those who use the place. There will also be a large number of sober and steady men who are temperate, but not temperance men. To both these classes we may safely entrust the morals of the Palace without restrictions which will drive them away to their own clubs." It is expected that some kinds of technical education, the want of which is now crippling English workmen in the industrial markets of the world, may be furnished in the People's Palace. But, if it is to succeed either as a place of amusement or a place of profit, it must not be managed in a grandmotherly spirit. Militant teetotallers seem to have no faith in their own principles. Like the Roman Catholic Church, they show their weakness by invoking the aid of the secular arm. "Who lights the 'fagot?' asks Cardinal POLE, in Lord TENNYSON's play of *Queen Mary*. And he answers his own question in the words, "Not the firm faith, but the lurking doubt." The practice of abstaining altogether from alcohol is supposed to be spreading. If so, the result will appear in the People's Palace as elsewhere, and there is the less reason for arbitrary interference. An institution which is intended for the benefit of working-men ought, as Mr. BESANT says, to be under the management of working-men, who will deal with the burning question of liquors as they think fit. Patronage and control from without will be fatal to the People's Palace, and it would be very little to the credit of the people if they were not.

A SONG FOR MR. JOHN MORLEY.

"THE harp that once in Tara's halls" ministered to the enjoyment of a splendid Hibernian potentate is still ringing, and the national, or Nationalist, songster accompanies it with his voice. As Mr. JOHN MORLEY is to be practically Governor of Ireland, and as Mr. MORLEY is a literary person himself (though his lyrics, if any, are but little known), it is probable that he will be much interested in the effusions of the patriotic Muse. "Let me make a 'people's ballads,'" he may cry; and it will give us sincere

pleasure to read, and even review, any strains with which Mr. MORLEY may feel himself inspired. But he is better known, so far, as a critic than as an administrator or as a bright lyrist. It is to Mr. MORLEY in his double character—in his old character as reviewer, in his new character of ruler—that we recommend the pretty little Irish *vollslied* which Mr. HENRY BUTCHER has published in the *Times*. Mr. BUTCHER is himself a man of letters, and, indeed, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

The Irish *vollslied* collected by the learned Hellenist is "in brisk demand in Kerry." Mr. MORLEY may not have forgotten a little incident which lately occurred at the Castle Farm. A mob of disguised ruffians attacked the house of a Mr. CURTIN, a member of the Land League, shot Mr. CURTIN, and were put to flight, with the loss of one of their band, by Mr. CURTIN's son and daughters. These brave girls have ever since been treated in a shameful and cowardly fashion, though we fancy that the gallant patriots will not again venture to assail in arms young ladies so well able to take care of themselves. The abject and dastardly cowardice of the Irish village patriot has, in fact, never been so well illustrated as by the behaviour of those beaten bullies.

But they have, as Mr. MORLEY will learn from the song composed in their honour—they have the warm sympathy and encouragement of the local peasantry. The local poet calls these cowering yet sanguinary sneaks by all affectionate and honourable names. They are "moonlighting heroes," these poltroons who, armed and in numbers, ran away from a man and two girls. They "boldly demanded fire-arms 'with rifles presented'" at an unarmed man. This, Mr. MORLEY will observe, is the kind of courage admired by the patriots who patrol Ireland with weapons. One of the blackguards was shot, whether by a clumsy coward or by the CURTINS the poet does not say, and this cur is alluded to lovingly as "the poor widow's darling." Then a still braver, but more fortunate, member of the band shot Mr. CURTIN, who had no quarrel with the scoundrels, except that he resisted an armed invasion of his house. We quote, both for their literary and moral merits, the lines in which this gallant deed is recorded:—

A young lad in the ranks, a dashing young blade,
With a daring young heart that w^o never dismayed,
He levelled his rifle that ne'er him betrayed,
And left the old blood-hound there squalling.
They fought and they rallied through parlour and hall,
Outside in the kitchen old Curtin did fall,
But for damp ammunition we would settle them all.

Certainly a crowd of men, whose powder is not dry, are in grave danger when confronted with a lad and three girls. The crime is then excused on the ground that Mr. CURTIN's grandfather brought some of the Irish to justice in 1798, a statement which perhaps illustrates the fertility of the Celtic fancy, or possibly the tenacity of the Celtic memory. In the latter case, as Mr. MORLEY will observe, there are many old scores of some hundreds of years' standing to be settled by the bold Kerry lads when they get Home Rule. It will be necessary in that case for England to see that the minority is not permitted to keep up a bad feeling by defending themselves or retaliating. The only chance for Ireland is that the minority, unlike the missionary who converted Colonel QUAGG, should "take it lying down." A high-spirited peasantry naturally loathes a man who defends himself against their outrages. This hatred shows itself, in words, in the poem which we recommend to Mr. MORLEY:—

Norah and Lizzie with Agnes, the three
Came tumbling downstairs in the midst of the spree,
With Doran that evening they drank in full glee,
But little expected the slaughter.
It's a pity the lapdog of Benmear Estate
Was not caught in the den, we would give him a taste
Of some powder and ball that would send him in haste
Far away from tormenting poor sinners.
So now to conclude and to finish my song,
May those boys that in jail be at home before long,
Those two innocent men that are in the wrong,
That the Lord he may keep them from harm,
Not forgetting Thady Sullivan shot through the head,
May the powers above for his soul find a bed,
And his loving mother is now nearly dead
Lamenting the loss of her darling.

In the grammar and style of this poem Mr. MORLEY's taste will find much to correct. What does he think of the sentiments? That they should be allowed full swing? He will not neglect to observe that Mr. DORAN's murder is directly instigated. It is an unpleasant song for any gentleman who thinks that the enforcement of law means civil war.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE would not explain his political intentions if he could, and, perhaps from long disuse of plain language, he now could not if he would. It is less easy to withdraw from interpretation his acts, and especially his appointments of colleagues. The meaning of his choice of an Irish Secretary has been fully appreciated, and his commission to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS to administer the Local Government Office is not less significant.

During the election Mr. GLADSTONE carefully abstained from expressing approval of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plans; and on many occasions he angrily rebuked critics who had observed that his own language on the subject was ambiguous. Even in the debate on Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Amendment no committed himself only to the compulsory purchase of allotments, leaving in doubt his opinion on the artificial creation of a class of small agricultural freeholders. If, indeed, any statement of Mr. GLADSTONE's could be understood in the plain sense of the words, it might be supposed that the Amendment which restored him to office was proposed against his remonstrances. He has assured the electors of Midlothian that he earnestly wished that Lord SALISBURY's Government would propose some acceptable scheme for the pacification of Ireland. He must, therefore, it would seem, have disapproved of a motion which rendered the production of any Ministerial Irish measure impossible. His vote and his speech were apparently forced from him by irresistible conviction; and it was by accident that he out-maneuvred the Government, which was, it must be admitted, not exempt from the charge of contributory negligence. It might have been supposed that a Minister in Mr. GLADSTONE's position would have formed and announced his opinion on the most organic change in English legislation which has at any time been attempted. The proposal that a great economical experiment should be tried at the expense of an unoffending class of the community cannot be regarded as trivial or unimportant. The scheme is either defensible on the ground of paramount public necessity or it is a wanton innovation. Mr. GLADSTONE has no guidance to offer to his followers unless they can draw sufficiently instructive inferences from his general character and his recent conduct.

It is understood that if any business, except the mysterious Irish measure, is to be introduced during the present Session, a Local Government Bill for England, and probably a similar Bill for Scotland, will take precedence. Mr. GLADSTONE, whose mind is usually occupied with one subject at a time, had apparently in his first distribution of offices ceased to regard local legislation as immediately urgent, or he may not have desired to give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the conduct of the Government Bill. A First Lord of the Admiralty, with all his duties to learn, would have had no leisure for preparing a new system of spoliation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to have perceived that, while he was not likely to gain credit by the administration of the navy, the Local Government Department would furnish him with ample opportunities of reducing to practice his favourite scheme of legislation. It must be assumed that Mr. GLADSTONE has assented to the doctrines which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has propounded. The appointment of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS as Secretary of the Local Government Board must be intended to strengthen the hands of the President. The rapidity of changes and conversions renders it difficult to remember the state of opinion on any political question even a few months ago. For some years past both parties have professedly recognized the expediency of transferring county administration from Courts of Quarter Sessions to some body which should be more or less representative of the ratepayers. Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government brought forward in two successive Sessions proposals for the establishment of Local Boards to be chosen partly by the Justices and partly by Boards of Guardians. Neither scheme was sufficiently Liberal to obtain popular support; and it appeared that the farmers who had at one time pressed for the introduction of a Local Government Bill really cared little about the subject. The PRIME MINISTER's indifference to domestic legislation caused the Government to acquiesce in the defeat or withdrawal of the measures which had been introduced. The postponement of a change which was not urgently required caused little public inconvenience; but in the interests of the Conservative party it was in the highest degree impolitic. There could be little doubt that when the Liberals returned to power they

would profit by the admission of their adversaries that the actual condition of local government was unsatisfactory. It was not less certain that they would introduce some alternative measure of their own, with the object of securing to themselves a permanent party advantage.

There is no reason for combining the provision of administrative machinery with an unprecedented extension of the powers of local governing bodies. The two questions are in their nature distinct, and experience has not shown that larger powers of compulsory appropriation were in any degree necessary to secure the efficiency of municipal bodies. After the failure of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government to carry its measures it was easy to foresee that the next offer of the Sibyl would be a County Board elected by the ratepayers. There were reasonable objections to such an arrangement, but they were not sufficiently plausible to prevail. There was no reason which could be made generally intelligible for deviating from the precedent of the existing urban municipalities. During the fifty years which have elapsed since the date of the Municipal Corporations Bill, the powers which were originally granted to the Town Councils have, with a few later additions, not been found insufficient. It was also well known that in some hundreds of populous districts Local Boards had been established with almost all the powers exercised by Corporations. The Local Board districts might, to compare small things with great, be considered analogous to the American Territories which have not yet ripened into States. From time to time manufacturing villages, having grown to the dimensions of towns, obtained on easy terms the full dignity of municipal government. Compulsory powers of taking land for certain public purposes have, as a rule, only been granted by Parliament. The process of promoting private Bills or obtaining provisional orders contained ample securities against the forcible taking of property without ample compensation. Some public Acts, including the Public Health Acts, conferred on Boards of Health certain limited powers of compulsory purchase. If the means of providing for public wants were in any respect insufficient, the proper course of legislation was to enlarge the scope of the Acts respectively providing for sanitary or administrative purposes. In the first instance, rural governing bodies might well content themselves with the powers which had been found sufficient for Liverpool and Manchester and Glasgow.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his associate at the Local Government Board would have a comparatively easy task if they thought fit to confine themselves to the establishment of County or District Boards. It would matter little whether the attributes of the governing bodies were defined in the Act or described by reference to the Municipal Corporations Act. One of the least questionable articles of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political creed is an almost enthusiastic belief in municipal administration. If his experience suggests to him any detailed improvement in the machinery of local government, a Bill for extending the system to rural districts would furnish a suitable opportunity of introducing emendations. Unfortunately Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is still more zealous in the pursuit of less unobjectionable objects, and he is at least as anxious to break up landed estates as to place local affairs under the management of elected Councils. His coadjutor, Mr. COLLINGS, after the triumph which Mr. GLADSTONE for his own purposes secured to him, will be more than ever bent on his various projects of robbing landowners for the doubtful benefit of labourers. The practice of admitting revolutionary projectors to Ministerial office is so novel that it is difficult to conjecture how far they will employ their authority for the promotion of their party designs. The Local Government Board and the Home Office have hitherto been entrusted to functionaries who were content to administer the law, and who took the institution of property for granted. Sir CHARLES DILKE had ceased to be President of the Board before he proposed that open Vestries, without the intervention of elected bodies, should purchase land by compulsion, to be distributed among themselves. Mr. ARCH, who protests against the limitation of the municipal constituencies to ratepayers, has not yet got a place, and therefore he possesses greater freedom and less responsibility than his coadjutor, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. Most of Mr. GLADSTONE's appointments indicate nothing more than indifference to the qualifications of his nominees. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and perhaps Mr. BROADHURST, are appointed for the purpose of facilitating dangerous and mischievous legislation.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH ON WORSHIP.

NO religious or pseudo-religious organization can keep very long out of the law courts. But it must be admitted that the Salvation Army has claimed of late rather more than its fair share of legal notice. The "General" had to be taught that he could not break a covenant because he professed to be better than his neighbours. Certain of his troops have learnt, or at least have enjoyed an opportunity of learning, the lesson that they are not licensed to commit the offence of abduction. With them the criminal law has dealt, and given them time to meditate upon the limits of spiritual privilege. Last Saturday the Army appeared in the interesting, if slightly mundane, character of parishioners objecting to pay Poor-rates. It is touching to be reminded that there are links between saints and sinners, and that when it comes to putting the hand of disbursement into the pocket of plenty, the "Salvationist" is even as other men are. Mr. BOOTH, at all events, appealed against a rate which charged him for the relief of the poor on premises estimated to be worth more than a thousand pounds. The Grecian Theatre was set down at eight hundred pounds, and a music-hall with other premises at two hundred and twenty-five. The ground of the appeal was that these buildings were employed exclusively for religious worship, and were, therefore, exempted from parochial rates. The Middlesex magistrates, with Mr. PETER EDLIN at their head, thus found themselves involved in the arduous inquiry which, like the milk in the cocoa-nut, has perplexed many a natural philosopher—What is religious worship? It appeared, however, that in one part of the premises a "lady captain" and a "lady lieutenant" reside. This portion of the building is clearly not exclusively devoted to religious purposes, and as to it accordingly the appeal was withdrawn. There remained the Grecian Theatre, and the question whether the performances which take place in it can be described as religious. On this point Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH was truly enlightening. For he explained wherein, according to him and his fellows, the worship of God consists. It appears to imply the presence in a prominent position of what is called the "blind brigade." This is not a synonym for the Salvation Army, but the collective designation of blind JIMMY, blind JOHNNY, blind MARK, and others. The harmonium, the concertina, and the banjo are the chief weapons of the brigade, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that if the two first-named instruments disappeared from the face of the earth, together with the possibility of reproducing them, the world would not be much the poorer. Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH was unable to say whether "all these people sat on a stage" and faced the audience like the performers of a negro "minstrel troop." This seems a little odd. We have all heard of the man who had sold veal pies at the street corner for thirty years, but candidly admitted that he had never tasted one. He knew better. But Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH can scarcely wish the public to believe that he never attends public worship in the Grecian Theatre. The blind brigade may or may not see him. But surely he can see the blind brigade. It cannot have the receipt of fern-seed.

The harmonium (never was an instrument more unfortunately named), the concertina, and the banjo do not complete the musical attractions of Salvation Army services. There are also tambourines and whistles, drums and bones. But the bones, says Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH, are not like those of the Christy Minstrels. That is highly probable, for the Christy Minstrels are experts. It is necessary to have these things, and it is necessary to advertise them. Otherwise the Salvation Army could not perform public worship. It must be admitted, however, that the Grecian Theatre is not entirely a theatre of monotony. It is occasionally a theatre of varieties. Thus at one meeting a certain "Colonel" NICHOLLS "addressed the audience on 'the subject of the vices to prevent which the Criminal "Law Amendment Act was passed.'" The "Colonel" may be presumed to know what his congregation particularly required. Otherwise, as the Act had been passed, the lecture might have seemed a little superfluous. But the "Salvationists," as the trials to which we have referred show, are great upholders of purity; and it is well known that purity is much promoted by the delivery of excited harangues on sexual subjects to mixed assemblies of men and women. The Middlesex magistrates, perhaps wisely, held that the Grecian Theatre was a place of worship. They could hardly be expected on a rating appeal to consider too curiously the relation of the sacred with the

profane. After all, Mr. BOOTH has made some concessions, if not to decency, at least to the law of rating. The *War Cry* is no longer sold in the theatre, though the *War Cry* is not the only organ of the Salvation Army; and Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH does not appear to have been asked whether the *Pall Mall Gazette* was sold at the Grecian. "Salvation boots" cannot be procured there any more. What, by the way, are Salvation boots? Are they the boots which, according to Mr. FROUDE, JOHN BULL is about to save the country by putting on? Or are they warranted against creaking, and therefore useful in cases of abduction? Whatever they are, they were found to make the Grecian Theatre liable to the relief of the poor, and therefore their sale was discontinued. The Salvation Army thus takes a place, so far as the Middlesex magistrates can give one, among the religious bodies of England. Its Corybantic excesses are worship. Its volleys of hallelujahs are piety. Its "knee drill" is religion. The authority for these otherwise disputable propositions is "BOOTH appellant—the Parish of 'St. Leonard, Shoreditch, respondent." But the vulgar will, perhaps, be of a contrary opinion.

BURMAH.

THE visit of Lord DUFFERIN and Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS to Upper Burmah must be accepted as evidence that decisive steps are about to be taken to settle the administration of our new province. The highest military and civil authorities in India have assuredly not gone to look at the scene of General PRENDERGAST's rapid campaign purely for their own amusement. They are naturally there on duty, and what that duty is can be a matter of doubt to nobody. The Commander-in-Chief will be able to judge how far the best steps are being taken to sweep the Dacoits out of the country, and what further reinforcements are needed. Within the last fortnight five new regiments have been ordered up the Irrawaddy—none too soon. Since additional forces had to be supplied, it is a pity they were not sent earlier. General ROBERTS may be trusted to see that no further delay takes place in providing the forces still needed to cut short the lingering guerrilla warfare which may well drag on for months, if not years, yet, if it is dealt with feebly. The Commander-in-Chief will have other work to do of almost equal importance. It is only too clear that the discipline of the expeditionary force stands in need of tightening. There is, indeed, no evidence that the soldiers and subordinate officers have failed in the discharge of their duty; but the work of the general staff seems to have been done with a certain slackness, sure to produce dangerous effects in such a situation. To have allowed the Burmese soldiers to march off with some arms in all cases, and with all arms in some cases, was one of those oversights which excite great doubt as to the competence of the chiefs of the expedition. The sudden growth of Dacoity is beyond question the fruit of this piece of carelessness. An equally important part of General ROBERTS's duties will be the survey of the frontier. We have suffered too much in other parts of India from the tardiness shown in defining the limits of our Empire with precision to make it possible for any officer qualified for a high post in the East to allow the same vagueness to leave an opening for such difficulties in Upper Burmah. In this matter General ROBERTS and Lord DUFFERIN will have to work together with especial closeness. The VICEROY has other things to do. He will have to put a stop, for one thing, to all doubts whether England is to remain mistress in Burmah, and also to end the division of authority between the civil and the military officials of the expeditionary force which has already led to some results which are absurd and to some which are dangerous; but probably the most important, as well as the most difficult, part of his work will be the settlement of the questions connected with the possession of Bhamo.

It is now pretty certain that we have to deal with one of those irritating questions of sovereignty which China keeps alive with so much skill and advances at inconvenient times with such imperturbable gravity. The Court at Pekin claims to have suzerainty over and to be entitled to tribute from Burmah. Now that that country has passed wholly into English hands the Mandarins claim their tribute as before. This seems to be the situation, though, as usual, Chinese diplomacy is discreet even to obscurity. What, however, seems to be beyond question is that they want something at Pekin—money, or territory, or fortresses, or compliments, or perhaps all four. In face of this fact we cannot take much

interest in the question whether the Chinese claim is founded on anything or not. Major-General MACMAHON, formerly Political Agent at Mandalay, asserts that the Mandarins have not, historically, diplomatically, or legally speaking, a leg to stand on. He quotes General PHAYRE, Messrs. YULE, GUTZLOFF, SYMES, MASON, and DOUGLAS to show that he is right. From his point of view, supported as it is by these authorities, the pretensions of China look absurd indeed. Not only was Burmah not a subject State, but it grievously thrashed the Chinese when they ventured to try and bring it to subjection a hundred and twenty years ago. Since then friendly embassies have been sent by Burmah to China, but tribute never. The *Times* Correspondent in Rangoon agrees with Major-General MACMAHON, and points out that there is no evidence of the payment of tribute in the records of the Burmese Treasury, all carefully written in white pencil on slips of a substance resembling papier-mâché, and called parabeik. The misfortune is that all these records have disappeared during the confusion of our conquest; they have the little fault as evidence of not being presentable to the court. It is to be feared that HER MAJESTY's judges would refuse to accept statements as to what was not in documents which are not forthcoming as evidence. For the rest, it does not matter for practical purposes what was in the parabeiks. The Chinese will not look at the matter from our point of view, but their own. Considered as they appear from Pekin, things may bear a very different meaning. What the Burmans and Major-General MACMAHON call a friendly embassy may very well look extremely like a deputation bearing assurances of devoted homage when considered with the eyes of a Mandarin. Again, it does not follow that, because Chinese armies were beaten a hundred and twenty years ago, and Chinese diplomats at Mandalay have been insulted quite recently, that China should, therefore, give up what it considers its claims. It might let them lie on the shelf while Upper Burmah was ruled by the House of ALOMFA, and, therefore, weak, poor, not worth attacking, and not to be feared as an aggressive Power. When, however, England is in Upper Burmah, the circumstances have altered the case. She is rich, and may be worried into paying for peace, and is, moreover, strong, and may prove an ugly neighbour if a solid arrangement is not made. Therefore, the claim to tribute may be furbished up again after being allowed to rust for so long. These things being thus, we take it that the question is not whether China has any claim or shadow of one to suzerainty over Burmah, but whether it thinks, or professes to think, it has. There seems to be no doubt on this point; and so we may proceed to consider whether China is advancing these claims like one who must be beaten before he can be brought to reason, or like one who is open to a pecuniary transaction. Then in due order, when this much is settled, we might go on to inquire what pecuniary transaction.

On the whole, Lord DUFFERIN will probably not find the Chinese very difficult to bring to reason. Of course they will not get Bhamo, or the command of the hill-frontier of Burmah. Some financial or commercial arrangement of a convenient kind is doubtless what the Chinese Government is trying to extort. As yet there does not seem to be any evidence as to what it exactly is, but there is no great difficulty in guessing. Since General Tzo changed the opinions of his whole life and advised his sovereign to cease trying to exclude Western civilization, the Court at Pekin has been preparing to undertake great public works and great armaments. These things will require much outlay of ready money, and it will materially improve the Chinese Government's chance of getting a loan on fair terms if it can obtain the help and guarantee of England in exchange for a promise to withdraw all its claims to Burmah. An arrangement of this kind might very fairly be made, since the mere increase of commerce with China which would follow the adaptation of Tzo's policy and security for a friendly attitude towards our trade across the Burmese frontier would amply compensate this country for any risk it might run by backing the bills of the Chinese Government. In the meantime this much is sure, that a firm attitude in Upper Burmah and a policy which can leave no doubt as to our intention to hold the country will work towards making the Chinese reasonable. There is no need to point out how much it will do for the good of the people for whom we have made ourselves responsible.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD READ.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* there is an article on "What Boys Read." As the name of the writer is absolutely unfamiliar to us, and as he may know more on some other subject, and be able to state what he does know in better language than he can afford on this occasion, we shall not delay long over his rather helpless remarks. In the region of modern boys' books he discovers that Mr. KINGSTON is the Master, and then come "BALLANTYNE the Brave," and Mr. HENTY, who certainly deserves a higher place in better company. The *Fortnightly Reviewer*, well acquainted as he is with Archdeacon FARRAR (whose boys' books are types of what books for boys or other human beings should not be), and with Mr. ASCOTT HOPE, seems never to have heard of *Treasure Island* or *King Solomon's Mines*. Probably any boy out of the many thousands whom those works have made happy would without hesitation prefer them to a wilderness of BALLANTYNES and KINGSTONS, perhaps to any works chiefly meant for boys except *Tom Brown*. But, then, *Tom Brown* (whose merits the *Fortnightly Reviewer* acknowledges) is a boy's novel, while *King Solomon's Mines* and *Treasure Island* are boys' romances. This sort of distinction has been cavilled at by critics, but it corresponds to an actual difference. *Tom Brown* deals with boys in daily life, only a little idealized, while the other two entrancing tales deal with adventures of an amazing and unusual, not to say pleasingly impossible, character. Some boys will prefer a picture of themselves as they are; they will be young disciples of a limited and respectable *naturalisme*. Others will revel in the wild joys of the wood and wave, and perhaps may even end by entering the naval profession or following Mr. JOHNSTON's steps towards Kilimanjaro.

Though some boys' books are delightful reading, both for old and young boys, it is certain that boys should not confine their studies to books "dedicated at the young." THACKERAY, we know from his *Roundabout Paper* on "A Lazy Idle Boy," read DUMAS and Miss PORTER and Mrs. RADCLIFFE at a very early age, and DICKENS has told the world how he lived with *Tom Jones* till he became, in fancy, "a child's *Tom Jones*, a harmless creature." Without reckoning in *Tom Jones*, many of the masterpieces of literature are emphatically books for boys. There are all DICKENS's best things, and we know that Master HARRY EAST read about Mr. WINKLE's horse with interest at quite an early moment in his career. No boy who can read at all can fail to be delighted with the opening part of *David Copperfield*, with the opening chapters of *Great Expectations*, with *Nicholas Nickleby*, above all with Mr. SQUEERS, with *Pickwick*, and with *Oliver Twist*. But the last is a dangerous book, because the humours of the DODGER and CHARLIE BATES invite imitation, and a fanciful youth might be seduced into a purely Platonic abstraction of fogles and tickers. Much of THACKERAY is excellent for boys, because, whenever he writes about boys, he writes with so much knowledge and sympathy. PEN, and CLIVE, and young RAWDON, and old FIGS, and BERRY and BIGGS at school, are all as good as *Tom Brown*. SCOTT, like DICKENS and THACKERAY, is not favoured by the *Fortnightly Reviewer*, who perhaps prefers Mr. KINGSTON to those authors, and to "Cooper of the Wood and Wave." But no unsophisticated boy, with a taste above the adventures of NED KELLY the bushranger, can be happier than he is made by *Quentin Durward*, and *Ivanhoe*, and *The Pirate*, and *The Fair Maid of Perth*, while *The Last of the Mohicans* has set many a young brave of the Pale Faces on making tomahawks, and canoes, and flint-headed arrows. These, and such as these, are the true books for boys; books that will live in their memories all their lives, and supply them with worlds of pleasant recollections. Nor can the *Arabian Nights* be omitted from a boy's library, though he is not required to read it in Captain BURTON's translation.

Unluckily, as the *Fortnightly* writer observes, the poorer class of boys do not read books; they read boys' magazines, which give a weekly instalment of horrors in bad grammar, a weekly list of the worst examples of style and conduct. There are respectable boys' magazines, of course; but it appears that the romance which the others find handiest is the romance of sordid crime. Unluckily, that sort of excitement proves most welcome, because in large towns criminal romance is the only kind of romance that boys can practically imitate. Therefore we hear of a clerk who mewed like a cat to make his employer emerge from his room, and who then assailed him with a handkerchief dipped

in chloroform. Probably the best antidote to this kind of criminal fiction would be the republication of COOPER's and SCOTT's novels in threepenny volumes, like those of Messrs. CASSELL's and Messrs. ROUTLEDGE's new cheap "libraries."

THE PARNELLITE MUTINY.

IT looked for a moment the other day as though certain predictions of Mr. PARNELL's Saxon enemies were about to receive an unexpectedly early fulfilment. To lead a party of eighty or ninety Irishmen is undoubtedly a very different thing from leading one of thirty or forty, and there have been plenty of prophecies that the greater task would prove too great for Mr. PARNELL's strength. The usual, and, it must be admitted, plausible, reply to the prophets was to point out that the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party had already so signally "beaten the record" of his predecessors in that office as to baffle predictive science altogether. It is rash to assert that a whip who has driven four-in-hand will be unable to manage a team of six when no former occupant of the box-seat has ever been able to handle a pair along the same road without an upset. The experience cited to prove the harder feat impossible has already been discredited by the successful performance of the easier. It is undoubtedly the fact that Mr. PARNELL is the first whip who ever learnt to drive the Irish Parliamentary coach, and he has driven it to such purpose as to create an entirely new estimate of the possibilities of Parliamentary coachmanship. That was in effect the reply of the confident Nationalist to the prophet of evil, and Englishmen in general have naturally hesitated to pronounce it insufficient. They have piously hoped for the long-predicted Parnellite split rather than ventured to anticipate it; and the incident of this week, therefore, has been received by them with all the reserve of demeanour which is due to tidings "too good to be true." There was, indeed, a suspicious accumulation of blessings about it. To hear at the same moment not only of revolt against Mr. PARNELL's authority, but of what threatened, or rather promised, to be an internecine struggle between Mr. PARNELL on the one side and Mr. HEALY and Mr. BIGGAR on the other—this was news which men of modest expectations, not being citizens of Kilkenny, were justified in accepting only "under all reserve." Their prudence in so doing has, at any rate, been rewarded. The Galway dispute has been promptly settled, and the flame of intestine strife has promptly "fizzled out." The reconciliation, externally viewed at least, between the leader and his lieutenants has been as complete as that of the two guests at Mr. BOB SAWYER's little party. Everybody has said pleasant things of everybody else. Captain O'SHEA's virtues as the accepted candidate have been extolled. Mr. LYNCH's public spirit as the retiring candidate has been commended, and the lovers' quarrel within the ranks of the Irish party has been followed by a *redintegratio amoris* of the most conspicuous and impressive kind.

And yet even to profane outsiders it is quite evident that the conflict has been a more serious one than has ever yet agitated the party. That, indeed, is manifest on the face of matters. Mr. BIGGAR's part in the affair is perhaps of comparatively minor significance; for Mr. BIGGAR, though a tower of strength to the cause—as one so emancipated must be—has always had somewhat of the *frondeur* about him, and might conceivably join a revolt in a mere spirit of mischief. But Mr. HEALY is altogether a serious person, and Mr. HEALY's position in the House of Commons, unquestionably second only to that of Mr. PARNELL, whom, moreover, he in a great measure supplants (no doubt with his leader's consent) as the working chief of the party, causes his appearance at the head of a revolt to be a proportionately serious phenomenon. He seemed far too shrewd a tactician to have taken up such a position without having previously felt his way. So, at least, one would have thought, and so the English public were the more strongly disposed to think on noticing that the address of support to Mr. PARNELL from his followers was subscribed by only fifty names. Its signatories, however, hastened to declare that it was merely the accident of absence from home which prevented them from largely adding to their number, and the result appears to confirm their assertion. Some nine or ten more adhesions came in during the next day or two, and in the meantime Mr. PARNELL had hurried in person to the scene of mutiny, and had quelled it with an almost Cromwellian promptitude. Its collapse, indeed, was quite dramatic in its suddenness. The

leader of the Irish party was actually mobbed on his arrival at the Galway Station, the assembled crowd not only giving cheers for the unofficial candidate, Mr. LYNCH, but so forgetting themselves as to shout—attracted solely, let us hope, by the assonance—"To hell with O'SHEA and 'PARNELL'!" The visitors, in fact, were so jostled that the chivalrous Mr. HEALY declared in the new character of "sweet enemy" that "he would break the head of any 'man' who insulted his leader. Meantime Mr. LYNCH was stoutly asserting his rights and denouncing Mr. PARNELL's attempt to force his own candidate upon the constituency. By what mystical process these *motus et certamina* were so speedily appeased we shall never know, but it seems to have been brief and simple enough—a *pulveris exigui jactus* indeed. A private conference was held, according to the report, between the leader and his refractory lieutenant, after which "it was announced about five o'clock that the difficulty was at an end, and that the meeting unanimously adopted the candidature of Captain O'SHEA. At the request of Mr. PARNELL Mr. LYNCH retired, and a vote of thanks was passed to 'him.' Having thus summarily suppressed the revolt against his authority, the leader of the Irish party condescended to apply himself to the task of soothing the ruffled susceptibilities of the coerced Galwegians. He addressed two meetings of the electors before taking his departure from the county, and communicated to them his reasons, such as they were, for having forced his nominee upon them to the exclusion of the candidate of their own choice. He was not aware, he graciously tells them, at the time when he selected Captain O'SHEA for the seat that any local candidate would be put in nomination; but there is something truly royal in his assumption that, the mistake having once occurred, it was for the popular, and not for the official, candidate to give way. Considering, moreover, the strictly personal character of the objections entertained by the malcontents of the party to Captain O'SHEA's candidature—objections which it would be affectation to ignore—it might have been thought that Mr. PARNELL would have justified his choice upon the widest possible grounds of Nationalism. But, on the contrary, he insisted as strongly as possible on the strictly personal character of his preference. "Captain O'SHEA," he said, "was one of the two-and-twenty members who voted for me in my contest with Mr. SHAW for the leadership of the Irish party. If Captain O'SHEA and one other member had voted for Mr. SHAW, and not for me, I should never have been the leader of the Irish party, and many great things which have been done for Ireland could not have been accomplished." So far, however, it might be thought that Captain O'SHEA's vote had had no more magical effect on ensuring the accomplishment of these great things than had that of any others among the twenty-two supporters of Mr. PARNELL. But his patron went on to put in another claim for him to the confidence of the constituency, and one of a yet more curious kind. Captain O'SHEA had had the "fatal fault, the fatal blemish," of sitting on the wrong side of the House during the late Parliament, and "I had repeatedly told him that, unless he could see his way to sit on our side of the House, I could not recommend him to the constituency of Clare; and that was why I refused to recommend him to the constituency of Clare, and he was not returned to Parliament, although I supported him in Liverpool for a seat which we could not carry ourselves, and to which I considered he had the first claim." Now, however, Captain O'SHEA "has given me a promise that he will sit on our side of the House, and therefore my last objection to him has disappeared." This welcoming of the repentant sinner is all very well; but Galway may be excused for thinking that there is no Scriptural warrant for allowing him actually to displace one of the ninety-nine just men that need no repentance.

There is no use in denying—whatever the feeling with which we admit it—that Mr. PARNELL has won another victory; and that, as on previous occasions, and even more so than on previous occasions, his victory appears to leave him in a position of more complete and disdainful supremacy than ever. Mr. HEALY is left alone with his father-in-law, Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, and his brother-in-arms Mr. BIGGAR, in the position of defeated, chastised, and submissive mutineers. The field was evidently ill chosen for a trial of strength, and the result of the struggle may be pretty safely regarded as proving that, in the matter of mere party administration, the authority of Mr. PARNELL is virtually impregnable. The impassioned appeals of the Nationalist press to the dis-

putants, and its earnest entreaties to them to refrain from marring the best chance that Ireland has ever had of obtaining a National Parliament, are an indication of the popular pressure which is sure to be brought to bear just now upon any Home Ruler who thinks of falling out of the ranks. But they also ridicule the limit within which that pressure will be applied. Mr. HEALY, or any other man of Mr. HEALY's ability and ambition, must be as well able to perceive what may afford him an opportunity of supplanting Mr. PARNELL as he is or should be to recognize the condition under which any such efforts will be fruitless. Mr. PARNELL's dictatorship, in other words, remains, and will remain, unquestioned only so long as he is supposed to represent the extreme demands of Irish Nationalism. Once let him show the slightest disposition to "transact" on that subject—the faintest inkling of a willingness to accept something less than he and his separatist countrymen understand him to be going for—and the opportunity of Mr. HEALY will have arrived. He may have to surrender to his leader in a contest about the selection of a candidate; but he will easily be able to coerce or supplant him when it comes to a question of choice between the acceptance or rejection of some Ministerial proposal of compromise upon Irish claims. Mr. PARNELL will see clearly enough then, if indeed he does not see clearly enough already, the conditions of tenure under which he holds his present absolute power. The people which support him with such unwavering allegiance now will at once show that they only do so because they believe in his ability and willingness to extort the compliance of England to the full sum of their demands, and that, if they are mistaken, they are quite prepared to transfer that allegiance to any one who can inspire them with the same belief. And, seeing that Mr. PARNELL is said to be more moderate, and has certainly more of the temperament which is favourable to moderation, than some of his principal followers, it might, after all, be better for England if he actually possessed the unlimited power over his party which is sometimes ascribed to him.

MORE ABOUT SCHEDULE D.

WE took occasion last week to indicate the nature of the trap which the ingenious collectors of Inland Revenue are accustomed to prepare for the unwary citizen who lives in one house and earns his living in another. When they have got him in they bait him with the greatest pertinacity. He generally pays either at the place of his vocation, as he ought, or at home, as he ought not. The great object, then, is to make him pay at the other place as well, which is sought to be effected by reiterated applications and veiled threats. Nobody who has not devoted careful study to the subject knows precisely what happens if the Inland Revenue is simply defied; but there is a vague and not unnatural impression abroad that AJAX may come home any evening to find his shirt-studs or drawing-room piano in the possession of a minion of the law. It is upon this dread—which is not founded upon law—that surveyors rely. The patient's truthful assertion that he has paid already in the other district is treated with scarcely concealed contempt. The surveyor cannot find any trace of the payment—probably because he takes good care not to compare notes with his colleague in the next district but one, to whom it has been made. The taxpayer has not the hardihood to entrust the receipt, which will be his sheet-anchor in the last necessity, to a Postmaster-General whose servants have recently been known to despoil a single firm of merchants at a rate not far from a cheque a week, and collectors rarely call when the master of the house is at home. Thus the most strenuous endeavours continue to be made to induce a second payment in the hope of subsequent recovery.

The hope of the surveyor is manifold. In the first place, he knows by prolonged experience that no repayment of money paid in excess is ever made by any Inland Revenue authority until after negotiations so prolonged and wearisome that, when the amount is not very large, any one but a man of indomitable strength of mind will give it up in despair, and register a fearful oath to recoup himself in after years by such crafty and unscrupulous devices, not only in respect of Income-tax returns, but also with regard to game-licences, dogs, cigars, and many other matters, as Satan is ever ready to suggest to good men smarting under injustice. Thus there is a considerable chance of the country (which never pays "conscience-money") profiting by the

excess payment—for your surveyor is seldom sufficiently far-seeing to think of the compensations just mentioned, and to reflect that such compensation, assessed only by the claimant, is generally taken with interest, to say the least. And even if in the long run the excess payment is refunded, the country will have had the use of the money meanwhile. Better than either of these considerations, however, is the joyful knowledge that when the positions are reversed, and instead of the official dunning the householder, the householder is humbly petitioning the official to restore what was wrongfully extorted from him, the petitioning is long, the hope of justice is indefinitely deferred, and patient merit has to take a great many scorns of the—surveyor before it sees its money. And akin to this is perhaps the greatest attraction of all. While the negotiation for the return of the excess payment is going on, a quantity of perfectly unnecessary work, consisting principally of receiving applications and taking no notice of them, will be found for a clerk of subordinate station in the public service, who will thus have an unrivalled opportunity of magnifying his own importance to himself.

THE IRISH SECRETARY AT NEWCASTLE.

WE should hardly have expected Mr. MORLEY to object to being called a sentimentalist. We had always supposed, indeed, that he would accept the description with pride, and clinch it with a sarcastic hit or two at men who affected superiority to influences which play so potent a part in the government of the world. However, the dispute in this particular case is more verbal than anything else; and we can, at any rate, agree with Mr. MORLEY, as against the *Times*, that he is not approaching the Irish question in the spirit of the sentimentalist. He is approaching it, to our mind, in the spirit of the gambler, whom we do not usually describe as a sentimentalist, except in his superstitions. If Mr. MORLEY believed that the grant of legislative independence to Ireland would immediately reconcile her to English rule and cause the two nations to "live happily ever afterwards," the charge which the *Times* brings against him would be just. But we do not understand him to believe anything of the sort. He thinks, and he has said, that the concession of Mr. PARNELL's demands would be fraught with terrible dangers; but then he adds, that not to concede them would entail monstrous inconveniences and certain dangers and troubles of another kind at home; so that, on the whole, it would be well to try concession, and see what comes of it. After all, you can always reconquer Ireland and govern her by martial law; and, though that would multiply tenfold the evils of immediate repression, yet there is just the off chance that repression of any sort may never be required at all. If that is not the "double or quits" argument of the gambler, it only differs from it in the greater improvidence of its hazard. We are to take up the dice-box on the terms of merely wiping off our debt of trouble in Ireland if we win, and paying it ten times over if we lose.

Much of Mr. MORLEY's speech on Thursday at Newcastle was a practical expansion of the text that concession to Mr. PARNELL is, after all, not final; that "separation" will never be granted, and is not demanded by the Irish; and that nobody has ever proposed that we should denude ourselves of the military force necessary to reconquer Ireland. In other words, to suppose Mr. MORLEY speaking again in the character of the gambler, we shall be able to pay if we lose. Heavy as will be the price of re-establishing our authority in Ireland by the sword, it will not "break us," so far as our military resources are concerned. But this, we think, was known to most Englishmen already. They object to the venture, not because they think it could lead to our bankruptcy as an Empire, but because they regard it as a venture of immoral and—considering the lives, as well as fortunes, which we should be gambling with—of criminal risk. Mr. MORLEY has become sufficiently conscious of this objection to defer to it, in a somewhat novel way. He is now assuring his constituents that the proposal to engage in this hazardous transaction will not be at once submitted to them; and we entirely agree with Mr. MORLEY that it will not be so submitted—in terms. But when he asked his hearers, "Do you suppose that we shall disintegrate the Empire without your knowing it?" the sympathetic laughter which greeted the question argued an ominous over-confidence on the part of the electors of Newcastle in their political foresight. We should have no hesitation, for our own part, in

answering Mr. MORLEY's confident question with an equally confident affirmative. We do not in the least doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE would find it in his power to devise a measure which would lead straight to the disintegration of the Empire without Mr. MORLEY's constituents knowing it, and possibly without Mr. GLADSTONE's knowing it—in any sense of effective knowledge—himself. He is capable of persuading himself that to disintegrate the Empire would be really to unite it; and we will not undertake to say, with such a Parliament as we have got, that he could not persuade a majority of the House of Commons of the same thing. There is the House of Lords, as Mr. MORLEY says, and we know what he means when he hints that it might be left to that House to throw out a Home Rule Bill.

THE NO-POLICE RIOTS.

THREE are two things which are very obvious about the actual riot of Monday and the threatened riot of Tuesday. The first is that the unemployed workman had no share in them, and the second is that they were only made possible by the scandalous mismanagement of the chiefs of the police. On the first point no fair-minded man has any doubt. The protest of the London United Working-men's Committee, published in Wednesday's papers, is supported by even a superfluity of evidence. A look at the rabble which broke the shop and club windows was enough to show that it consisted entirely of the class of loafers who are unemployed for the simple reason that they have never done a day's work in their lives. It consisted wholly of the shambling rowdies who make ugly rushes during processions, who hustle the spectators on racecourses, and who get on the Serpentine when it is frozen for the express purpose of molesting the skaters. The unemployed workmen who, wisely or unwisely, came to hear the speeches of Messrs. KENNY, KELLY, and PETERS in Trafalgar Square remained where they were long after the riotous minority had started off up Cockspur Street. They were to be seen standing about or walking quietly down the Strand for some time after the window-smashing and robbery had begun further west. One of the most disgraceful features of the whole business is that the rioting began at the expense of the orderly part of the meeting. It was from first to last the work of a comparative handful. Eye-witnesses of the disturbance in Pall Mall could see that the mob which was to be allowed several hours of impunity was just large enough to cover the space in front of the Carlton Club. It cannot possibly have consisted of more than a few hundred men and boys, without a genuine workman among them. The character of the crowd was as plain as could be, and it was shameful that they should have been allowed to shelter themselves under the name of workmen for a single instant. It is possibly true that since we have tolerated the practice of collecting crowds to obstruct thoroughfares, under pretence of respecting the right of holding public meetings, it is very difficult to prevent nondescripts of all kinds from gathering at the same time. That, however, is just why the officials of all ranks who are entrusted with the duty of keeping order in the streets of London should be constantly prepared to deal with the riots which are always possible on such occasions.

If there was any doubt that the disorders of Monday might have been easily prevented, it must have been entirely dissipated by what happened on Tuesday. Then all the necessary elements of disorder were collected in readiness for another afternoon of business and amusement. But on this occasion the police were ready, although it was late before they were allowed to act. A mere squad of them was enough to drive back a rabble which tried to force its way into Pall Mall again, and till long after dark the constables were keeping the crowd in Trafalgar Square moving with the greatest ease. As soon as they were left free to act, they did their duty thoroughly well. Why was the disorder of the previous day not stopped in an equally summary fashion? It is a question to which no answer has even been suggested. To say that the HOME SECRETARY and the head of the police could not foresee what was going to happen is absurd. It is obvious that they *did* not foresee the riot; but their oversight was precisely what constituted their neglect of duty. They had general and particular warnings. There probably never was even a Home Secretary who did not know that all mass meetings contain a disorderly element which has to be guarded against. Processions of the most peaceful character are protected against corner-men and roughs. On this occasion the risk was

especially obvious. The so-called Social Democrats had recently and emphatically promised the public a riot. There was every reason to believe that, if it was made safe for them to keep their word, they would do so. Now it is beyond question true that these persons are not formidable in any serious sense of the word. Nothing would be easier than to dispose of the whole of them in case of need; but they have the power which other roughs have of doing a great deal of mischief to property if they are allowed an hour or so to themselves in the neighbourhood of tempting shops. It was the plain duty of the Home Office and of Scotland Yard to see that they had no such fluke of luck on Monday. The warnings given to the authorities did not even cease with the rabid swagger of Messrs. HYNDMAN, CHAMPION, and BURNS at the Holborn Town Hall last week. It was obvious on Monday afternoon that a large body of roughs had collected for the distinct purpose of making a riot. Even if there had been no such sign of coming trouble, care ought to have been taken to see that the meeting was confined to the open space in Trafalgar Square, and a force should have been at hand to prevent an invasion of the neighbouring streets. Again, even if it had been thought in the morning that the police detailed for service in the Square was enough for the work to be done, what happened at the meeting should have shown the authorities their mistake. The rioting did not begin before the Carlton, but in Trafalgar Square itself. The platforms occupied by the speakers of the London United Working-men's Committee were attacked by rowdies obviously intent on creating a disturbance. Then the very men who had given this proof of their quality were allowed to detach themselves from the meeting and march off west. Nothing was done to stop them. It must have been clear enough to the police on the spot that this crowd was very likely to do damage before it separated, and yet nothing whatever was done to check them. The constables were kept in Trafalgar Square looking after the people who at least made no sign of intending to create a disturbance, while the minority which had been rioting already was allowed to go off threatening further disorder in complete freedom. Under these circumstances, it is monstrous to say that the authorities were taken by surprise. There was time in abundance to have collected and despatched a force of police to stop the rioters, who, even if they could not have been scattered in Pall Mall, might easily have been headed in St. James's Street. A resolute charge by a hundred or even by fifty men would have crushed the whole disturbance. The weakness shown by the authorities seems calculated to cause a very serious feeling of uneasiness in the public. If, when a mass meeting has been announced for days, when it was perfectly well known that a body of roughs would be present to make a disturbance if they could, when rioting has actually begun, when the rioters march off towards streets full of shops worth plundering, no steps are taken for hours to protect the law-abiding part of the community, what are we to expect in case of a real surprise? It would seem that, before the police can be ordered to do their manifest duty, hours have to be spent in sending messages and in running to and fro to get directions and permissions from this, that, and the other official. While all these persons are corresponding and pottering with printed forms, two or three hundred roughs might sack a district. Mr. CHILDERES may possibly be able to explain how it was that the simplest duties of his department were neglected on Monday. It is in the same sense possible that Sir EDMUND HENDERSON may have some excuse to give which will account for what looks like the extraordinary carelessness and want of foresight with which the police were handled. The explanations ought certainly to be insisted on, and when given, they ought to be followed by whatever changes of persons or system are required to make the recurrence of such scandals impossible in the future. One thing must be kept very carefully in view throughout. No attempt to treat this shop robbery as in any way a sign or a consequence of the depression of trade should be allowed for a moment. There will, of course, be the usual dishonesty sentimental attempts to make political capital out of a very commonplace piece of disorder. This cant is very popular at present; but we shall deserve further and more severe lessons such as that of last Monday if anybody is allowed to conceal the fact that the rioting was the work of thieves and roughs engaged in their usual occupations under exceptionally favourable circumstances.

There is, of course, one other feature of the affair which it would be the extreme of folly to overlook. The thieves and the roughs were acting under the instigation of a knot of men who have been allowed to preach robbery and

violence with impunity. It is now sufficiently obvious that when measures were taken to break up the Sunday morning meetings in Dod Street the police were employed in preventing a very real danger. If the people who canted about freedom of opinion and similar stock subjects at that time can be persuaded by anything, they may be taught by the appearance of the looted shops in Piccadilly that the right to preach plunder and sedition is a right which leads to very awkward consequences for some parts at least of the community. We now see where the activity of the Social Democrats leads. Incitement to a breach of the peace is the same thing whether it is or is not disguised by a veneer of political jargon. It would seem to follow that it should be suppressed with impartial severity in either case.

FISHPONDS.

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FISHPONDS, as well as their usual inhabitants, the so-called "coarse fish," are amongst the undeveloped possibilities of this country. By fishponds, we do not mean a tank at the end of the garden, in which a few plethoric members of the finny tribes eke out a somnolent existence; but fishponds established on a sound system, with a business eye directed to the profits they will surely return to their proprietor. Fishponds such as these are worth discoursing about. With a comparatively small amount of expense and care, they offer three rewards—good monetary interest, an absorbing occupation, and an immense increase in the supply of cheap and wholesome food for the nation at large.

We who have the good fortune (or otherwise) of living in these palmy days of the nineteenth century, surrounded by scientific developments of all kinds, are rather inclined to look back with scorn at the amount of knowledge possessed by the poor creatures who lived in what we are pleased to call the "Dark Ages"; but there are just a few things in which it must be owned these poor creatures can yet teach us a good deal, and one of those things is the subject of fishponds. In the days when, on the one hand, sea-fish were, practically speaking, unattainable, and on the other, fish were an absolute necessity for the fast days which every one observed, it behoved many people to study the question of the supply of fresh-water fish. The establishment of fish-stews and ponds was the natural result of the existing order of things. No abbey or monastery was without its stews in which the fish were kept and fattened for the table, and most of the great country houses were equally well supplied. In many places where these ancient ponds and stews still exist they might be brought into working order again with very little trouble; and it is almost superfluous to speak of the hundreds of narrow valleys and glens, now barren and unused, which would make ideal sites for fishponds. No one who has ever been to Rome can forget the elaborate fish-stew in the Palace of the Cesars on the Palatine, from which the water could be drawn off at will by means of sluices. The Romans were too fond of the pleasures of the table to overlook the gastronomical merits of carefully fattened fish. But without going back so far in the history of fishponds, we find almost the greatest authority on fish-culture in the person of the good bishop Dubravius, of Olomütz, in Moravia, who lived in the sixteenth century. Of this dignitary the late Frank Buckland said that:—"Bishop or no bishop, he knew more about fishponds than we do at the present day." It may be supposed that the fact of his being a Churchman first turned the attention of the worthy Dubravius towards the cultivation of fish. Be that as it may, he published a Latin book in black-letter, entitled *Dubravius de Piscinis*, which is now extremely rare, and of which there is a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The title-page runs thus:—"Jani Dubravii, qui postea Olomucensis Episcopus creatus est, de Piscinis et Piscibus, qui in eis aluntur, naturis libri quinque, vi doctissimi, ita ad rem familiarem augendam utilissimi, ad illustrem virum Antonium Fuggerum. 1559." Into the subject of fishponds the Bishop goes with great detail, and his advice is as useful in the present nineteenth century as it was in the sixteenth. The chief thing he lays stress upon is that, as he says, "a crop of fish should alternate with a crop of vegetables," or, in other words, that every pond in turn should be run dry, and planted with a crop of some kind of grain before it is again filled and re-stocked. From this point of view of the merits of "alternate crops of fish and vegetables," he also recommends the "three-pond" system, and says:—"Suppose three ponds to be in existence, A, B, and C. Let the water be run off from pond A completely, and as it empties catch the fish and place them in pond B. Having let A run completely dry, plant the mud with oats, barley, cabbages, or rye-grass. The crops having been in due time reaped, refill it in the winter, and stock it with fry. Then dry and plant B. At the same time dispose of all the larger marketable fish, and put the half and three-parts grown fish into pond C, which now for the first time is taken into the regular round of cultivation. Thus with three ponds worked upon this system, the proprietor will always have a crop of vegetables growing in one pond, yearling fry in another pond, and breeders with the fish fattening for the market in the third." No system that has ever been invented is better than this. By following this advice one

of the greatest difficulties, as well as the heaviest expenses—i.e. the clearing out, or, as it is technically called, "mudding," of ponds—is entirely avoided, and the necessary turning up of the mud soil by the plough ensures the fattening of the fish when they are placed in it the following year. No good breeding can be done in ponds unless they are drained dry from time to time, and authorities are agreed that the oftener it is done the better for the fish. If ponds are left to themselves and never drained out, not only will the fish not thrive in them, but they will almost cease to breed and increase neither in number or size, no matter how much attention they receive. But, if the pond is run dry and left in that state, even without planting of any kind, the fish when again turned in will thrive marvellously. However, by the simple device of planting, not only is the waste ground of the pond utilized, but the crops grown therein are found to be unusually heavy, especially when oats are sown, which flourish in the mud soil. Barley also grows well in the mud, and is particularly good for the fish that come after it when the pond is re-filled. Another excellent reason for drying, ploughing, and planting ponds from time to time is that it is one of the few efficacious ways of getting rid of that aquatic plague, the American weed, which is one of the greatest nuisances of fish-ponds in this country as well as of the rivers. As a rule, the process of drying and ploughing will be found a sufficiently drastic remedy for this pest; but if it is in any very great quantity, it is well to make assurance double sure by trying a dose of common salt also.

Fishponds should not be made too deep; with the exception of a few deep holes, to which the fish like to retire at times, the best fishponds are generally shallow. In comparatively shallow ponds fish find a greater quantity of the insects and larvae, on which they love to feed, than they do in deep waters, and many of the aquatic plants which they prefer—such as those of the Ranunculus and Potamageton tribes—do better in water that is not too deep. Rushes and reeds should also be encouraged in fishponds, as the fish like them, not only for shelter, but chiefly for depositing their eggs thereupon in spawning-time. Some authorities recommend that osiers should be planted round the ponds; but on this question, and also on another closely allied to it—namely, whether trees should be allowed on the margin of fishponds—there are considerable differences of opinion. Izak Walton, quoting from Dr. Lebault's *Maison Rustique*, says that "if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it." Others, on the contrary, recommend that trees should be encouraged on account of the insects that abound on their leaves and branches, caterpillars and such like being dainty morsels to the palates of fish. The late Frank Buckland did not give an opinion on the knotty point of trees or no trees, but contented himself by recommending that any dead leaves which would be likely to fall, or to be blown, into the pond should be collected and burnt, as they are apt to make too much mud in the water. As regards the feeding of fish, he recommends particularly "that a dead cat or rabbit, unskinned, should be hung up in a tree over the pond. The gentles resulting from the blow-flies will fall into the pond and afford excellent food for the fish. Care should also be taken to collect after a shower at night, by the aid of a lantern, the large lobworms that are then plentiful." One very curious fact about fishponds recorded by Mr. Buckland is that the presence of ducks on a pond is an immense advantage to the fish, which he explains by the fact that the habit which ducks have of "rooting" with their bills in the mud enables the fish to get at a quantity of minute insects, while the loosening of the mud "gives facilities to the water creatures to breed." So distinct is the improvement of the fish under these circumstances that Mr. Port, who had charge of the experimental ponds at Reculver, told Mr. Buckland that when handling eels even in the dark he could tell from their size whether they came from a stream of which ducks and geese had the run. Of course both ducks and geese must be kept away from ponds when the fish are spawning, as they will, if allowed, devour immense quantities of the fish-eggs. In a book published in 1713, called *A Discourse of Fish and Fishponds*, by the Honourable Roger North, it is advised that cattle should be allowed to come and drink and stand in fishponds, "as it conduces much to the thirst of the cattle as well as the feed of the fish," the disturbance of the mud, and the consequent increase of fish food, being evidently the object in view. The time of draining is another question much discussed. In the Limousin, where carp-breeding in ponds is largely carried on, the ponds are drained in turn every three years, in the month of October. In Germany, also, ponds are drained every third year. In some parts of Austria the fishponds are drained every two years. Mr. North says, "You may let your ponds stand full two or three years, not longer, unless you delight to see starved, lean fish. The oftener the ponds are laid dry the better the feed of fish shall be." Captain Milton P. Peirce, secretary of the American Carp Cultural Association, who has made fishponds, and everything appertaining to them, the object of his great study, emphatically declares that "carp-ponds should be drained every spring as early as the weather will permit . . . if the ponds are not drained early in the season, the growth of aquatic vegetation will be retarded. . . . The ponds should again be drained in October for the purpose of assorting the carp, removing the young from the stock-ponds to the nursery-ponds, selecting both young and mature fish for marketing purposes, and also to destroy all enemies or other fish found in the ponds, which should

be done as well as at the spring draining. Neither the ponds or the fish should be disturbed at any other season of the year." Captain Peirce does not advocate the planting system of Dubravius, though he also recommends the use of three ponds, which he utilizes all at the same time for fish. In the "hatching-pond" he places only the finest adult specimens, in the "nursery" the young ones of both sexes indiscriminately; for, as Izaak Walton says, "in a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken, whether there be most male or female carps," and in the "stock-pond" the fish that are ready for the market. Of the "ordering of fishponds," as *The Complete Angler* would say, and their construction we shall have more to say.

"LAY ON, MACDUFF!"

IT is not surprising that Radicals should have been very much annoyed by Lord Fife's letter to the Scottish Liberal Association. In the first place, it is by far the most damaging and ablest statement yet made by an individual, of the Liberal case, properly so-called, against the attempt of Mr. Gladstone to carry on government in a mask. In the second place, the person from whom it comes makes it if anything more weighty. When Lord Fife, then Lord Macduff, was a dozen years ago called into public life, he had to contest what was looked on as a safe Tory seat. Not only did he carry it, but his general *bonhomie* and good sense went far to strengthen the influence of his family in confirming, almost singly against the great house of Grant, against the Duke of Richmond, and against the Earl of Moray, the north-east of Scotland in Liberalism. And though both as Lord Macduff and since his father's death he has never been prominent as a politician, every one who knew anything about him was aware that he had no inconsiderable abilities (whatever might be his inclination) for politics. The letter to the Secretary of the Scottish Liberal Association is what is commonly called a "slasher," all the more slashing because Lord Fife completely avoids the indiscreet personalities which the Duke of Westminster used, and then withdrew, and because he fixes straight on the real point at issue—the monstrous demand, "Open your hands and shut your eyes, and see what Mr. Gladstone will put in them." "However some people may persuade themselves," Lord Fife says, "that by supporting a Government one is not pledged to the logical development of their policy because it has been dubiously indicated," he (Lord Fife) declines to think anything of the kind. He does not fear the extension of local government in Ireland, and he does not fear Socialism merely as Socialism; in either of which points he may be wrong or right. But he is sure that "any severance of legislative functions from the Imperial Parliament would be a source of weakness to the country," and he is "not prepared in the turn of a debate to adopt one portion of the Socialist creed in order to attract the cupidity of certain classes." And, after pointing out certain other reasons for dissatisfaction, all stated with equal force, he ends by absolutely declining "to hand over my political conscience to a Cabinet whose policy, so far as it can be defined at all, can only be described as [the policy of] a Cabinet of Surrender."

Now this is the kind of thing that you can recommend to a friend. We do not suppose that Lord Fife has any intention of turning Tory, and there is not the slightest need why he should do so. The turning is, as a matter of fact, on the other side, and the coats which have proved reversible are the coats of those who are with Mr. Gladstone. As for Mr. Gladstone himself and his coat, that garment is good indeed at turning. Mr. Thomas Case (adding another item to the charge against Oxford in the black-books of those who think the application of logic to politics an unforgivable crime) has drawn up a list of the Premier's utterances about Home Rule, and has drawn the inevitable inferences. But Mr. Gladstone may always plead the benefit of his own Gladstonianism. Every word is used in a Gladstonian sense, and what the Gladstonian sense is no man knows except Mr. Gladstone, and he declines to tell. But his colleagues are not in this case. Take one very great and one very small example. Sir William Harcourt, as a correspondent has very well reminded the *Times*, suggested just seven weeks ago at Lowestoft that the Tory party "should be left to stew in their own Parnellite juice," and described the consequences of stewing in that sauce in language which was not pretty. Sir William is in the stewpan now, with Parnellite juice up to even his shoulders. Is the consequence going to follow? "They [the Tory party] proposed to govern the country by an intimate alliance with men who openly avowed that their object was the dismemberment of Ireland from England." And Sir William, and his proposals to govern the country, and to get the pomp and prodigality of those memorable Budgets which we all expect from him allowed by Parliament? So much for the great example. The small one has been quoted before now in Mr. Osborne Morgan, who proposed to die in the last ditch against Mr. Parnell in December, and is going to be Mr. Gladstone's second footman (as Sir William Harcourt would put it) to usher in the Parnellites to the camp in March. This is the kind of thing that men like Lord Fife find to be going on in their own party, and it is not surprising that they should speak out and speak with disgust.

The really interesting part of the matter is, of course, what following Lord Fife and men like him will have? It is most un-

fortunately true that there are several fools about. When one finds the eminent Sir John Bennett writing in his Common Councilman's gown to the *Daily News* to point out that very likely the riots of Monday last were caused by the judicious expenditure of five hundred pounds on the part of wicked enemies of the present God-granted Government, it becomes easy to comprehend, vaguely at least, the "shtupendous and derrible" power of folly that exists around us. For either Sir John Bennett—a person experienced in the world's affairs, and, so to speak, professionally acquainted with the time of day—honestly thinks, like a mere French Intransigent, that the wicked aristocrats are likely to do such things (impartially running the risk of having their own wives and daughters robbed and insulted for the good of the cause), or else Sir John—a person, &c. &c.—thinks that there is a sufficient number of fools among the readers of a single daily paper who will swallow his suggestion. Either way the vista of folly is great and terrible, and it is to a population wherein folly thus reigns that the expostulations of common sense and honour, such as Lord Fife's, are addressed.

Still the great point is that the voices of expostulation should be lifted; the voices which are in favour of common sense and honour; and more especially since there are so many others. In the same paper with Lord Fife's letter, for instance, there appears another letter, from the egregious Mr. Leake, M.P., who lectured Mr. Albert Grey for saying by his vote, and otherwise, pretty much what Lord Fife has said with his pen. To tell the truth, we cannot help being fond of Mr. Leake. No man ever let such delightful damaging phrases drop; for instance, his new and pathetic exhortation to Mr. Grey to "show a little more attachment to a great political party." It is a well-known and amiable weakness of the fairest of all possible sexes to meet remonstrances, disagreements of opinion, and the like, by the words, "You don't love me." So the great political party, if Mr. Leake may be taken as its mouth-piece, weeps over Mr. Albert Grey and says, "You don't show me enough attachment," because Mr. Albert Grey politely declines to go to the Devil (for that is what it comes to), and to help to send England to the Devil too out of pure affection. But Mr. Leake is as good fun when he apologizes for himself as when he expostulates with Mr. Albert Grey. He proudly records that "it is but a short week since he stood before his constituents to declare that his political respect for Lord Hartington was as great as ever." Now that was handsome of Mr. Leake, and heavy is the load that it must have lifted from Lord Hartington's mind. But, handsome as it was, it does not perhaps quite lift the same load from the minds of those who have to contemplate Mr. Leake as one of six or seven hundred gentlemen (by courtesy, at any rate in all cases, and in Mr. Leake's case no doubt in fact) who have got on their hands at the present moment the very difficult task of saving England, country and town, from Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Parnell. Only at the extremest end of the letter does Mr. Leake let us into his own reason for supporting Mr. Gladstone. He seems to be afraid that, if Mr. Gladstone "were well put out of the way" (a most reprehensible expression), there might come "servitude under an even more ignoble and dangerous political leader than they [the wicked Greys, &c.] assume Mr. Gladstone to be." This, we must say, puts Mr. Leake's loyalty to his leader on a rather low level. He prefers the Gladstone he has to the unknown dangerous and ignoble leader that he knows not of. This degradation of the People's William to a mere *pis-aller*—this substitution of the axiom "seldom comes a better" for the noble and generous tributes of admiration, &c. &c.—is surely rather disappointing. Besides, who made Mr. Leake such a pessimist? Does he discern in himself and in his fellow-Parliamentmen an absolute incapacity of obeying anybody who is not ignoble and dangerous? This might be excusable in jaded Tory cynics who, having no faith in Mr. Gladstone, clearly can have faith in nothing and nobody. But is it worthy of the Springing Hope, the Loving Trust in Manhood, the Faith in the Great Heart of the People, which, as we are very often told, distinguish your true Liberal, such as of course Mr. Leake is? Is Progress going to lead us all downward? and are we to be contented with What Is on the abominable Conservative principle (unblushingly advanced by some of the disciples of Akinetos, no doubt), that What Is has not exactly brought us to the pit of Acheron, and therefore we had much better stay where we are? If these are the doctrines which they teach in the Reform Club, thrice happy were the young Mr. Chamberlains in that antipodean legend excluded from the place.

But the truth is, of course, that Mr. Leake does not in the least see the gist of his own reasoning, and, in fact, does not reason any more than the vast majority of his political party in and out of the House of Commons reasons. That Conservatives are very wicked, that Mr. Gladstone is very good, that when his followers can understand what he is doing it is heavenly, and that when they cannot understand they must fold their hands and cry "O! Altitude"—that the thing to do is to get the other side out and keep them out, and the thing not to do is in any case to transgress the dictates of the Whips and show a want of affection to a great political party—these are Mr. Leake's principles. They are not Lord Fife's principles, and it may be hoped that, as the facts and such illustrations of the facts, as the events of Monday in London come home to the rank and file of the Liberal party, they will not be the principles of the rank and file of the Liberal

party either. Mr. Gladstone's studious concealment of his game may make it possible to carry the re-elections, or political sanity may come even as it is. But the clear duty of all Liberals who appreciate political honour and patriotic duty is not to hold their tongues, but to speak out as Mr. Albert Grey and Lord Fife have spoken out, and as, from certain signatures of "Liberal M.P.'s" and the like, it would appear that many more would like to speak out if they dared. Let them take courage by Lord Fife's example and warning by Mr. Leake's example, and so it shall be that Mr. Gladstone, for all his supposed political invulnerability, may have cause to attach a new sense to the warning, "Beware the Thane of Fife!"

CUB-HUNTING.

EVEN when the regular hunting season is in full swing, there are times when hunting men look back with a kind of regret to the cub-hunting season, as at midsummer one sometimes longs for the freshness and anticipations of the past spring. And if we take any particular time as the best part of cub-hunting, it is to the month of October that the mind goes. Both in August and September the fixtures are so early, the weather is often so warm, and there is yet so much of summer and its amusements left, that none but the very keenest sportsmen in close proximity to the fixtures care to become cub-hunters. But in October this is all changed, winter is visibly approaching, hunters are being got into condition, there is no more present use for fishing-rods and alpenstocks, and winter plans are talked over. Cub-hunting fixtures are at a more reasonable hour in the morning, the ground has ceased to be dry and parched, and it can be ridden over with some pleasure. Thus many riders, even those who are not counted as the keenest of sportsmen, are to be seen with their favourite pack at some well-known fixture. The outsiders and men from a distance do not turn up; but, considering the huge fields which are often to be seen in the regular hunting season, this characteristic of cub-hunting is a pleasant one.

In some countries there is but little difference between cub-hunting in October and the hunting of the more orthodox kind which follows in winter. Except in name, and in the dress of the field in many woodland countries, cub-hunting is the same as the later hunting, with this important difference in its favour, that there are plenty of foxes to hunt. For it is immaterial whether you gallop down a ride the trees of which are rich with all the mellow colours of autumn or present only their bare branches against a leaden sky; if you have an eye for the picturesque the difference is distinctly in favour of the autumn. If you get out into the open country the hedgerows are yet green and full of vegetation, and it is not unlikely that a short spin in the open will prove more calamitous to riders and steeds than later on in the year; but there are plenty of rough woodland countries where real galloping and straightforward fencing is throughout the season somewhat at a discount, and it is in such that cub-hunting will be most appreciated. But even in the grass countries, where the woodlands which exist in them are supposed to be the chief October hunting-grounds, there are many more cheerful little gallops in the open in late autumn than an outsider would suppose, and they are often more enjoyable because the hounds are not followed by a field of several hundreds of riders of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent. Cub-hunting in October may now almost be called the undress hunting season. White breeches and scarlet coats are still locked up, though why it should be more necessary to put on a bright coat in November than in October is one of those things which no man can understand. In fact, the rules of hunting costume are perhaps as amusing and as ridiculous as any existing social crazes. For the man who would not for the world be seen in the hunting-field in November without a hunting costume *de rigueur* will chase the same animal in October in an ordinary shooting-coat, plus a pair of sensibly-coloured breeches and stout riding-boots. A small section of fox-hunters finds, perhaps, even more enjoyment in cub-hunting than in regular hunting. These may be classed as the hound-fanciers. To them it is an unfailing pleasure to watch the working of the newly-entered hounds, to recall the ways of their old favourites. All this they are often able to do with greater ease amongst the small cub-hunting fields and in easy woodland places than when the pack is running across country at the brush of their fox. But, in truth, this class of hunters is numerically a small one. Many, perhaps, lay the flattering unction to their souls that they always like to watch the working of the hounds; but let them have a little of a slow, tedious run when the scent is bad and the ground is cold and the work of the hound has to be done well and slowly, and it will soon be seen that their enjoyment of the hounds is mostly an after-dinner fancy.

Of course no cub-hunting fixture is complete without one or two men on young horses; for there is in this part of the season a tacitly understood permission to bring out horses that want a little schooling. Not that some men will not ride them when regular hunting has begun however "green" they may be, often to the annoyance of the rest of the field. But the devout wishes by which they will be followed in November take the place of a mild curiosity in October as to whether the riders will get home without tilting against a tree, or being found by some stolid ploughman hung up in a mass of blackberry bushes. There is yet another feature absent from cub-hunting which yearly becomes too conspicuous and glaring an annoyance in the

regular season. This is the carriage nuisance. Those who go in carriages to meets are not to be blamed; but those who try to see something of a run by driving about narrow lanes, blocking up gateways, and generally putting themselves in the way, especially when all are wanting to get a good start after a fox has been found, are one element of modern hunting which is perhaps the most annoying and often the most dangerous. The mere absence of the plague of carriages helps to make cub-hunting more pleasant.

ARS BIBENDI.

FOR centuries past we English have enjoyed the enviable reputation of being, as Iago has it, "most potent at potting." Whether or not our merits in this particular branch of cultivation have really been greater than those of our neighbours, it is certain that, from the mediæval days when "drinking to pegs," "by the foot," or "by the yard," was considered manly and valorous, down to a comparatively recent period, there has been at most times in England a tendency to attach a certain amount of ceremonial to complotation among boon companions. We have had our Wassailing and our Waking, our "drinking colleges" and "everlasting clubs," our elaborate toasting of the seventeenth century, which struck the ingenuous Mignon as so droll and barbarous; we still possess an extensive drinking-slang vocabulary and a fair collection of hymns of praise to potent drinks, deep drinkers, and the delights of drunkenness. But it may safely be asserted that the noble art of fuddling oneself in company, according to recognized rules and with the help of cunningly contrived "shooing horns" and other insidious devices to urge on a flagging potter, is practically lost among us.

It is curious to note nowadays how completely the original intention of the club as a symposium is forgotten in England, where there is perhaps more clubbing for every kind of purpose than anywhere else in the world. "He is a poor wight who loves to drink alone." This convivial sentiment was, no doubt, the chief incentive which led to the establishment of early clubs as institutions for the common participation among a circle of friends of the pleasurable exaltation and flow of ideas excited by generous liquor. How thoroughly, however, the social club has now shaken off all connexion with the original tavern is but another sign of our busy times.

If we wish to study the genuine tavern club, whose sole and avowed purpose is that of regulated conviviality, we must cross the water and be admitted to the *Kneipe* of some noble *Corps*, or some patriotic *Burschenschaft* in a German University town. There we can observe the art of potation elevated to the rank of a science, and one that can only be mastered after sedulous practice; there the mere sensual pleasure of imbibing too much sinks into insignificance by the side of the intellectual satisfaction of so doing in accordance with a code of etiquette quite out of the reach of the "Philistine."

Such a pitch of cultivation, however, as is attained by the *studiosus* may be said to have been unknown to the most ardent devotee of the glass in England, even in the days when this description of joviality was at its height. We doubt whether the rollicking young Cavalier or Jacobite himself, who never failed to drink his "Crumb well down," or toast his monarch *over the water* as long as there was a bottle within reach, and he retained the power of swallowing, or yet the hysterical tippler on the lookout for fantastic ways of courting brievity, would have cared for the so-called privileges of the *Kneipe*-table. The mode of making the most of his glorious academical freedom chosen by the student after the drudgery of his gymnasium life may seem sufficiently strange to us, there being scarcely a moment of the day in which he is not restrained by the laws of the *Comment* (the *comment-faire*, or rules of etiquette). But to the thorough German it is the one period of life to which he looks forward or back with complete satisfaction. To find the Teutonic notion of perfection in the ordering of drink ceremonial we must seek for an instance in some aristocratic corps—one which admits no member who cannot conveniently spend sixteen to twenty marks *per diem* on the superfluous—and watch the proceedings on a regular *Kneipabend*, such being the time when, for the moment, the *Bursch* finds the pleasure of existence unalloyed.

"Sine regula, sine delectatione." The great principle that there is no real happiness without order, and that order is impossible without hierarchy, is here strictly acted upon. The company is divided into two broad classes, according to the standing of the members, and, consequently, of their proficiency in the ancient science of drinking. The *Bierburschen* are those men of experience who have conquered their rights in many a beer tournament, and are passed masters of this mysterious craft, with authority over the humbler *Füchse*, who, as apprentices, require careful looking after and Spartan treatment, in order to suppress their "inborn uppishness," and inspire them with feelings of due respect and deference towards their worshipful seniors and the unimpeachable *Biercomment*. Indeed, any joking on that sacred topic is punishable by the deepest degradation.

The club sits and drinks under the severe supervision of a president—chosen for the evening—whose duty it is to see that no infringement of the *Biercomment* be allowed to pass unpunished. This modern and polished code of the "Jus Potandi," or "Saufrecht," of more ancient and still more bibulous times, contains

minute and precise directions as to what is correct, and therefore assiduously to be practised, as also what is not, and consequently to be avoided. To enforce these mandates minor offences are visited immediately by fines, consisting of smaller or larger quantities of liquid (generally larger) to be drunk by the offender, or *stood* by him to the remaining company. Graver delicts in connexion with these venerable laws are punishable by the loss of *Bier-Honor*.

In the terms of the "allgemeine Biercomment," "beer honour is the epitome of all qualities appertaining to the fully privileged members of the *Kneipe*-table. From it springs the right to join in the general songs, to *rub the Salamander*, to function as umpire, judge, or witness, in beer duels, beer judgments, or conventions, to pledge, to challenge, to *overwhelm*, to post up, to take the beer oath, &c." There are three degrees to the parlous state of *Bierverschiss*, or degradation—the simple, the *acute*, and the *double acute*—and, considering there are thirty-seven distinct, foreseen cases to which this punishment can be applied, it occurs sufficiently often to swell considerably the number of glasses that have to be disposed of in the course of proceedings. It is the duty of every one who has been so unfortunate as to come into *Bierverschiss* to "fight himself out" forthwith, or within five beer minutes—i.e. to swallow a half, or a whole, or two whole glasses according to the depths of his degradation. (A beer minute, it may here be mentioned, is three-fifths of a vulgar sideral one.) According to that hierarchical spirit on which the existence of the club is based, a punishment wrongly enforced must be drunk out before any appeal can be made before a tribunal. This tribunal or *Convent* is composed of three beer-honourable *Burschen*, capable of rightfully interpreting the law of the Comment; cases of appeal against its decision can be carried before a court of second instance, formed of five members, whose judgment is to be considered final. These pleadings, with the beer duels and constant and elaborate pledging and *rubbing of Salamanders*, form a pleasant variety of entertainment.

The *Salamander* is the highest honour that can be paid to any one, whether present or absent, by the company assembled round the club table. It is performed as follows:—Within five beer minutes all glasses are to be refilled. Then the command is given—Get ready for the *Salamander* in honour of X, when the whole table rises. The president next declares that *Salamandri exercitum incipit*; and as he calls out the time, *eins, zwei, drei*, the glasses are vigorously rubbed on the table; *eins, zwei, drei*, they are emptied; *eins, zwei, drei*, they are drummed on the table; *eins*, they are raised high; *zwei*, they are brought down with a thump; *drei*, the covers are closed.

The beer duels, however, are the most interesting, as they imply the most drinking. They arise from the insult conveyed by such opprobrious names as "scholar," "doctor," "professor," &c., because all conversation on learned topics is considered "scandalous" round the *Kneipe*-table, and any imputation of being learned a slight on beer honour only to be wiped away by a copious flow of the foaming liquid. These duels are conducted on the lines of an encounter with *Schlägers*. Seconds and an umpire are appointed, the first duties of the latter being to ascertain that "armes sunt paria"—the glasses are equally filled; one of the seconds then commands, "Auf die Mensur, ergreift die Gelehrten (or Doctoren, &c.)! Stosst an, aus!"

As the trial is one of quick drinking, it lies with the umpire to decide who has replaced his empty glass first on the table, and this he does on his "grand cerevis" or most solemn beer oath, to misuse or dispute which entails *double acute* "Bierverschiss."

It is not etiquette to begin *ex abrupto* with a complicated insult, such as "Professor"; but any one feeling the want of vindicating his drinking capacity, on selecting his adversary, must first insinuate that he is a "scholar"! It is the privilege of a *Bursch* of standing to cap the insult with the retort valiant, "Du bist Doctor!" This, again, may be *overwhelmed* with "Professor"! and, lastly, the most cutting of all contumely, "Pope!"—"Du bist Papst!" This final challenge must be fought out with four glasses, whilst the previous ones only entail two, one, and one-half respectively. All contests must be honourably settled within five beer minutes from the first insult.

Lager beer cannot be considered a very heady fluid, and this is probably one of the reasons why it is invariably the chosen tipple at regular *Kneipe*-meetings. The worst result of the necessarily large quantities drunk is state of ultimate repletion, which can be obviated, however, by an artifice already resorted to for a similar purpose in the days of classical Roman excesses. But, little potent as the liquor may be, the vast measures imbibed—some doughty knights of the tankard think but little of two gallons at a sitting—cannot fail to produce some elevation of spirit, which in a large company, especially when rival corporations are brought together, must tend, it would appear, to bring about unseemly quarrels. The severe etiquette, however, in matters of honourable difficulty, requires the *Bursch* or *Fuchs* to stop all nascent wrangling by a cold and haughty statement that he is "ready"—i.e. ready to fight—and the whole affair is decorously settled, with all the rights of the *Fechtcomment*, at the next duel meeting.

The same rules of decorum, unfortunately, do not apply to the relations of the *Student* to the despicable Philistine, and the behaviour of the clubmen in the street—after the breaking up of the *Kneipe*—is as boisterous and mischievous as that of our sparks and bucks and the days when "Tom-and-Jerryism" was a fashionable

pastime and the wrenching of knockers and the worsting of the watch were considered as an exquisite display of humour.

But, notwithstanding this, and all its childish rules, the *Kneipe* is, it must be owned, a picturesque institution, even if its revels are not very aesthetic. The *local* is wonderfully festive with its garlands of evergreens, its banners, trophies, coats-of-arms and mottoes, with its pictures of distinguished members and celebrated duels, with its stained-glass windows and oak furniture, its long tables headed by the presidential chair, covered with the drinking-horns and other loving-cups, the casketful of *Kanaster*, and the long pipes with coloured tassels and painted bowls. Some of the ceremonies are impressive, and the singing is often good.

It seems a pity that, with such elements of pleasure over the social glass, an obstinate keeping up of excesses long since forgotten elsewhere should convert what might be a delightful symposium into brutalizing orgies; the inevitable result of such a state of things being to impair, sometimes for ever, the best physical qualities of merrymakers, who seem bent on "destroying their own health by too assiduously drinking that of others."

A FEAST AND A FRAY.

WHEN Harry the Eighth's good-looking sister Mary was married in her sixteenth year to Louis XII. of France, she took with her to the French Court some novelties which were destined to sow nightmares. Among these new things was one Anne Boleyn, then of tenderest years; and some others were the English hours for meals, bed, and rising. "The good King Louis," says the *Loyal Serviteur*, "because of his wife, had changed his whole plan of life, for where he used to dine in the morning at eight, he agreed to dine at noon; and where he was wont to go to bed at eight, he often did not retire till midnight." He was only 52—Brantôme said 56—when he married the headstrong young Englishwoman; but he did not last quite three months afterwards. That she had a family way of her own is clear from her proposing to the Duke of Suffolk, and marrying him privately, in defiance of the Defender of the Faith, before her first husband was well under ground.

Meals and their hours, and the division of the day which they control, are of permanent and close personal interest to all of us. The Morality which forms the subject of this article talks of breakfasting off "a little pastry." Smollett, who had been a naval surgeon, makes Roderick Random breakfast on board ship about 1748 on "biscuits and brandy" at 8 A.M. Grimod de la Reynière says that Paris breakfasted twice in 1803—just as it does now—the second meal being *à la fourchette*. In Henry VIII.'s time the English Court dined an hour before noon. Louis XII.'s hours we have seen. In Cromwell's time dinner had advanced to one o'clock. Bishop Percy says that at the Restoration, and for some years after, the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock; "the play" beginning at three. The Revolution postponed dinner to two; Pope dined all his life at two, and Addison conformed to this rule for the last thirty years of his life. About 1740 Pope complained of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four, and in 1745 very great people generally had fixed upon that hour, which was still in force about 1780. About 1804-5 Oxford colleges which had dined at three and four, put on these hours to four and five, which became good general hours until Waterloo, when six came in. Grimod de la Reynière writes of dinner in Paris in 1803 beginning at six, and lasting three and even five hours.

In the fourteenth century supper was usually two or three hours after noon in France. Louis XII.'s third wife put it on to five or six, as above, and, if Schmidt is to be trusted, supper-time generally in Shakespeare also meant five or six o'clock; but there is a notable passage against this ruling when Catesby says to Richard III.:—"It's supper-time, my lord; it's nine o'clock." In Rabelais's time it was at nightfall. Paunage says:—

La nyut vient; il convient cesser du labour, et soy restaurer par bon pain, bon vin, bonnes viandes; puis soy quelque peu esbaudir, coucher et reposer.

In Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication to the Devil* (1592) he scours the custom of

eating six times everie day, videlicet: before he come out of his bed; then a set breakfast; then dinner; then afternoon's manchings [none-schene, noon-drink; but a snack is also implied here]; a supper, and a re supper.

In more modern times, the *Almanach des Gourmands* mentions in 1803 supper—"collation en ambigu"—at two in the morning.

Besides the supper there was in Louis XII.'s time, and, it may be presumed, among *bons vivants* at all times, meal which was known in France as a *bancquet*, and which we may conclude was a late form of dissipation like Pierce Pennilesse's ree supper. It was made the subject of a formidable attack by Louis' physician, Nicolaus, or Nicole de La Chesnaye—who was a *savant* and a poet as well as a leech—about the year 1500, in his Morality, *La Comdampnacion de Bancquet*, written in order, as he said, to vilipend, execrate, and, if so be, extirpate the crassulous vice of gluttony, inebriety, and voracity; and, on the opposite, to laud, exalt, and magnify the virtue of sobriety, frugality, abstinence, temperance, and sane diet. This Morality, in which continual feasting is followed by a fatal fray, was printed in 1507, and was doubtless performed and popularized by the *Enfants Sans Souci*, for the subject became such a favourite that Flemish

tapestries reproduced it in six great tableaux which have been figured by Jubinal and Sansonetti. The plot of the piece, which runs to some 3,500 lines, is an invitation given to a sociable company by three hospitable sensualists, Dinner, Supper, and Banquet. The company are called, after the manner of these old Moralities, which made everything plain to the groundlings—Pleasant Company, Pastime, Habit, Tidbits, Guzzling, I-drink-to-you, and I-pledge-as-much; the last two of which could, we believe, be paralleled from the swarries of the Bob Allens of the past by the easy phrases “I-looks-towards-you” and “I-has-your-eye.” It cannot be said that the unities are not scrupulously respected, for the action comprises the events and accidents—some of them fatal—of one long day’s gormandizing, with its subsequent “sermons and soda-water the day after.” Breakfast and dinner, innocent and necessary meals, pass off very well, but when Supper’s entertainment is at its height, a band of desperadoes named Jaundice, Drosy, Paralysis, Apoplexy, Gout, and so forth, rush in and attack the guests. These rascallions are beaten back and dislodged, but during the nocturnal banquet they fall on a second time, and then do to death four out of the seven guests.

This Morality is of value and interest for several reasons. It is full of information and allusions about the food, meals, cookery, and table-service of four hundred years ago; some of the songs are really meritorious, and a great deal of the dialogue is pointed and vigorous. There is a display of learning which is not always tedious, and it affords an excellent type of the literature—at all events of the stage literature—of the end of the fifteenth century. The specimens of some of the more artificial and ridiculous conceits and *tours-de-force* in versification, such as the rime bâtelée, the rime fraternisée, and the rime emperiore are especially interesting.

The first meal of the day, the breakfast, consists of a pastry, plums, bread, and red wine, both “vermeil” and “claret,” dark and pale; and these, say the stage directions, are served either on a round or a square table. If plums were not in season, dried plums were to be used, or even waxen stage-plums “of the form and colour of Damascus”—damsons, in fact. Guzzling gobbles the plums so ravenously that he swallows a caterpillar, and declares afterwards that all he ever wants for his little breakfast is a quart of wine, a gosling, pastecakes, and a tart. On a stage are “instruments of diverse fashion”; they now play a minuet, which is danced by the company. Next comes dinner, served by an escuyer—no doubt an escuyer tranchant, that is, a carver—a cook, who is named Taillevent, after the celebrated maître-queulx (*coquus*), and two servitors, who come on with a part-song. But first the guests wash their hands, and a fool appears. The menu is sketched by Dinner himself; fried fish, thick and clear soups (brouet and potaiges), which, when served, were poured over dry pastry, which was eaten with them. Our phrase “eating soup” is for the most part a mere survival of the past. Then there were meat-pies, prime mutton and beef, as Dinner boasts; fat goslings, pork, venison, some entremets, and then the dessert, or “issue,” as it is here called. The laying of the table is also prescribed. It was to be feately done (*gentement*) with “nappes, touailles (toiles, now our towels), serviettes”; the bread was to be cut up without crumbs. All the dishes were placed on a small table, and presented by the servants as they were called for. It proves to be a musical dinner, the servants breaking into glee and quartettes on the very slightest provocation. The diseases here enter, but merely to show themselves and detail their terrors; they make no attack on the diners, but conspire with Supper and Banquet to deliver their assault later on. The “instruments sound” again for another dance, and the servants go off for a drink, one of them declaring he believes he’s got the pip, his tongue feels so dry.

Supper is a much more elaborate feast, and when the guests have gathered for it they sing a septette, which is one of the best little songs in the piece:—

Dansons, ryons,
Sans nul soucy;
Chantons, bruyons,
Dansons, ryons,
Douleur fuyons
Et paine aussi;
Dansons, ryons,
Sans nul soucy.
Pour ung desjuron
Je ne veul sinon
De vin une quarte,
Avec ung oyson
Nourri de saison,
Le flan et la tarte.
Dansons, ryons, &c.

Ce bon vin j’entasse,
Toujours tasse à tasse,
Par icy dedens;
Pour une trincasse,
Cela ne me casse
Ne langue ne dens.
Dansons, ryons, &c.
Faces sadinettes (*sudus*),
Plaisans godinettes (*gaudir*),
Belles à choisir;
Fillons ou fillettes,
Blanches, vermeillettes,
C’tst tout mon d’sir.
Dansons, ryons, &c.

Supper begins with a gibelet, a dish which, according to Taillevent, consisted of braised waterfowl; young bustards (by the way, that industrious bibliophile, “P. L. Jacob,” says these “hus-taudoux” were chapons gras), fowl, capons, swans, peacocks, partridges; shoulders and legs of venison, woodcock, bitterns, water-hens, hares, coney and young rabbits, herons, plover, and larks. The sauces are endless, for much trouble was then taken with all sorts of complicated gravies, as conners of Taillevent are well aware. There is the thick sauce called civet, which was made from rabbits, lard, beef-stock, grated liver, and bread; with cinnamon, ginger, small-spice, and salted grapes. The quantity of spice put into everything was extraordinary, and exhibits a violent contrast to modern French cookery. Gallimaufry sauce was made from roast fowl cut up and fried in lard or goose fat, with wine, sour grapes, and powdered ginger. “Sauce robert”

Taillevent does not mention. He was master cook to Charles VII. (1422-1461), and this sauce, or its name, must have come in between his time and the year 1500. The late Mr. Dallas would have it that “robert” is a French corruption of the English roebret or roebuck sauce. Similar corruptions are not uncommon. Beauvilliers printed—sometimes, perhaps, as a pronouncing guide to the cooks of his day—such terms as rond-bif, corne-bif, rôt-de-bif de mouton, ros-bif d’agneau, kavia (for caviare), bouting, plomboutingue, misies-pnés (a cryptogram for mince-pies), Wouelche-rabette, panequets (a ridiculous importation when he had the fine old French word crêpes to his hand), and finally mache-potetesse. Even Carême smuggled poor Sally Lunn into France, disguised as solilemne. But to return to Supper’s sauces; there were furthermore cameline, made of toast steeped in red wine, and flavoured with cinnamon, ginger, and small-spice, with vinegar added. Then came cretonnée, the chief ingredients of which were fowls, almonds, ginger, and white wine; salemine, chaulhumer or chauldume, blancmanger, galentine, and grave, all five made of fish and some or all of the following:—pounded almonds, pea-meal, spices, saffron, sugar, white wine, and sour grapes or vinegar. For boussac sauce a hare was the chief item in the stock-pot. Dodine, a simple sauce of milk, egg-yolks, sugar, and saffron, was to be eaten with waterfowl. Finally came that celebrated puzzle, sause Madame, of which Rabelais records Mondam as the inventor. If so—but we need not believe a word of it—some purist in genders must have disfigured Mondam’s name. It is clearly a variety of that very difficult matter—bread-sauce, which has nowadays for the most part fallen to mere milk-sop; and the receipt, which has dropped out of the cookery-books, stands thus in Taillevent, for roast goose:—

Soit rostie une oye, et mettez une poisle (pan) dessoubz; et prenez le foye de l’oye ou d’autre pouaille, et le mettez rostir sur le grill; puis, quant il sera cuit, haslez (brown) une tostée de pain, et mettez le foye et le pain tremper en ung peu de bouillon, et passez-les bien à l'estamine. Mettez & laissez bouillir une douzaine d'œufs, et en prenez les moyeux, et les haschez menu; et quant l'oye sera cuite, le mettez pardessus, et la sause avec; & se (si) voulez que sente le gout de lait, geitez (jetiez) une goutte avec deux boulie (bouilie).

We find the modern hors-d’œuvres d’office in the apples called “cappes”—most probably from cap, the head, and, if so, a curious parallel to our old costard—lymons, popons (explained to be cédrats, the *Citrus medica* of Linnaeus), cytrons, carrots, like the Houyhnhnms, and radishes. When the solid dishes are finished, the musicians give a song, all the meats are removed, and the dessert or “issue,” of covered cheese-tarts, stewed cheese and eggs, gaufres, pastry, and custards is brought in. When this course is over, and Pastime has remarked, with a sigh of relief,

Nous avons bien fait, Dieu mercy,
Et fourny jaquette et pourpoint,

the treacherous Supper opens the door to the crowd of diseases, who fall on the helpless guests with their cudgels. They all, however, make their escape, though not whole, for Pleasant-company and Guzzling are covered with blood; I-pledge-as-much is bruised all over, and Tidbits limps along with a broken head. Still, they have enough life left to join in a dismal part-song, and then they go off to repair damages.

These hard-driven gourmands have very little respite. They will not take a warning; and speedily relapse into their original intention of solidly eating their way through the day. Banquet now sets to work, and puts a boar’s-head in the centre of his table, flanked by venison braised and larded, and coloured and flavoured with saffron. Pigeons follow, and quails; highly-spiced fish-jellies; partridges first roasted and then stewed in beef-tea, lard, onions, spices, grains of paradise, and sugar, with a purée of toast and fowl’s livers—very like sause Madame, but it was called trimollette de perdrix. There were also blackbirds, turtle-doves, and, to stimulate the appetite, oranges. Cheese-tarts were not wanting, nor cream-tarts, and with them were Jacopine tarts, composed of eels, cheese, oranges—fatal mess—cream and sugar; scalded cream, curds, apples, pears, plums, filberts, salted walnuts, cobnuts, small cakes and biscuits. To drink there were wines of Mâcon, Dijon, Saulieu, and Saint-Pourçain, and also Ypocras, the vinum hippocraticum of old medical lexicons, of which Hippocrates claims the invention in this Morality, where, indeed, his name is called Ypocras. It was neither more nor less than highly sweetened wine, in which cinnamon, mace, and cloves had been steeped. Litré substitutes sweet almonds, musk, and ambergris for the mace and cloves; but in any case it was clearly a “cup,” and we have much improved on it.

No sooner is the company replete than the maladies re-enter. Apoplexy and Epilepsy seize Tidbits; Quinsy and Paralysis attack Guzzling; Pleurisy and Gout lay hold of I-pledge-as-much. Poor Tidbits lays all his woes to the charge of Pleasant-company, crying out:—

Pour Dieu, mercy! Le cuer me fault!
O traistre Bonne-Compagnie!

I-pledge-as-much, in downcast mood, confesses that he has spoiled a lot of good wine in his time; and I-drink-to-you, who is in the clutches of two other grievous complaints, begins a musical but melancholy adieu, which is taken up by the others:—

Attendez ung peu: si diray
Adieu à tous ces auditeurs.
Adieu, gourmans et gaudisseurs,
Je vois (vais) mourir pour voz peschez.
Adieu, taverniers, rotisseurs,
Adieu, gourmans et gaudisseurs.

Adieu, de verres fourbisseurs
Qui maintz potz avez despeschez ;
Adieu gourmans et gaudisseurs,
Je vois mourir pour voz peschez.

The affray progresses, and in the event these four of the guests are put to death by their aggressors; and the scene changes to the tribunal of Experience, where the three survivors exhibit their plaints against Dinner, Supper, and Banquet, in pursuit of whom are despatched the sergeants of the Court, Sobriety, Diet, Remedy, Help, Bleeding, and Pills. Diet arrests Supper. Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Averroës are counsel for the prosecution; and the prisoners defend themselves as best they may. In the result Experience sentences Banquet to be hanged, or, as "the discreet Galen" crudely puts it, "to scorch in the fields i' the sun." Diet acts as executioner, hanging his man on the stage, jumping on to his shoulders as he is cast off the ladder, and swinging with him in the grotesque old barbaric fashion. Supper's penalty is to wear heavy leaden bracelets, to hinder him from putting too many dishes on the board, and he is forbidden, under pain of death, to approach Dinner nearer than six leagues—that is, six hours; the league being an hour's journey, like the German's Stunde. Dinner is acquitted.

The Doctor, presumably the author himself, de La Chesnaye, now delivers a lengthy and metrical sermon; several interminable and highly moral speeches are made by the great physicians, Galen averring

Qu'il meurt plus de gens par crapule,
Qu'il ne fait d'espée ou de lance,

and Banquet having a last gird at his persecutors before he is turned off.

... J'ai bien fait gaigner (he says)
Les medecins bons & parfaictz,
Car ils ont eu à besongner
A guerir les maulx que j'ai faictz ;

and, as they are rich and comfortable, he begs each of them to pay for a mass for his sins and misdeeds.

The King, in his "goguettes et gayetés," was a great amateur of the stage, and is conjectured to have inspired this piece. Jean Bouchet, who died about 1500, says that the Soties—Satires, as he explains the term—of the Enfants Sans Souci were represented by desire of Louis, and that he used to say that he thus learned many scandals which would otherwise remain artfully concealed from him. When it was once reported to him that the Clercs de la Basoche and the students had presented plays in which they spoke freely of himself, his court, and its grandes, he only said, records Brantôme, that people must kill their time somehow; that they might say what they liked—and in reason—of him or the Court; but if they uttered one word of any sort at all about the Queen his wife—then Anne of Brittany—he'd hang every man Jack of them. And it is now generally accepted that the King secretly encouraged Pierre Gringore to write his celebrated *Jeu et Sotie du Prince des Sots* in ridicule of Pope Julius II., who was then at daggers drawn with the French Government. If Louis XII., then, inspired and encouraged this *Condemnation of Banquet*, it was very hard and ironical indeed of the Fate that dogs us all that he should have succumbed to a disregard of his own rigidly dietetic views.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THE present season of opera in New York has been the most interesting known in the annals of that city. German, Italian, and English opera have been before the public with varying results, from which certain instructive deductions may be drawn by all managers who imagine that America is a country simply flowing with milk, honey, and dollars. The Italian Opera season under the gallant Colonel Mapleson resulted in the most disastrous defeat with which he has ever met. He went to America determined to give opera on a new plan. He found that the Americans were unwilling to pay seven dollars a seat to hear Patti, although they wanted to hear her. He therefore decided to give opera with a company of moderate ability, but of equal merit all through. By doing this he was able to charge three dollars a seat, and before the season was over he reduced the price to two and a half. The leading members of his company were Mme. Minnie Hauk, Mlle. Alma Fohstrom, Signor Ravelli, Signor Giannini, Signor De Anna, and Signor Cherubini, with the veteran Arditi in the conductor's chair. With these singers and others he was able to give Italian opera in about as good a manner as it is given in some of the minor operatic cities of Italy. The novelties of his season were *Fra Diavolo*, *Maritana*, with Tito Mattei's recitatives, and *Manon*. The first of these operas had not been given in New York for a number of years, the second had never been presented in Italian, and the third was wholly new. None of them, however, proved to be the talisman that would open the hearts and the pocketbooks of the New York public; and the Colonel finally betook himself to the provinces long before the time at which he had originally intended to do so.

The cause of the failure does not seem difficult to discover. The stereotyped methods of the Italian opera stage, and that unvarying order of things which Colonel Mapleson had made his own, had become wearisome to the New York public. The metropolis of America is unquestionably its musical centre. In the past few years the popular knowledge and appreciation of music have

increased with great rapidity. What was acceptable and even delightful to the public there a few years ago is not received with favour now. Unless something new and striking is done in the field of Italian opera it is not probable that there will be any successful revival of that class of musical entertainment for some years to come.

The German opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House has met with marked approval, both from the newspapers and the public. The organization contains some admirable singers, of whom the best are Frauen Lehmann, Kraemer-Wiedl, and Kraus, Fraulein Brandt, and Herren Sylva, Stritt, Fischer, Robinson, and Staudigl. Herr Anton Seidl has covered himself with honour as conductor, and has been re-engaged for three years. The most important productions of the season have been Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* and Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. The former was produced on Wednesday, December 2. It deals with the story of the love of the beautiful Queen for Assad, the favourite of King Solomon. Assad loves Sulamith, and rejects the advances of the Queen. He flies to the desert, where he perishes in a sandstorm. The music of the opera inclines to the Italian forms rather than to the strictly German. It is not unlike Verdi's *Aida* in its general treatment. The composer shows a thorough acquaintance with modern theories and practice in his management of the orchestral parts, and produces many vigorous and striking effects. Some of his most admirable scoring is heard in the charming use of the violins, muted, in the high positions. The lovely aerial colour thus produced is rarely used with better judgment. There is some clangour of anvils and piping of piccolos in the Ethiopian dances that approaches the *ad captandum* style of scoring, but it is cleverly introduced. The opera has been excellently mounted at the Metropolitan Opera House, the scenery and costumes being at once brilliant and in good taste. Some idea may be formed of the wealth of the display from the fact that, including the chorus and ballet, there were at times six hundred persons on the stage.

Frau Lilli Lehmann was the Sulamith, and sang the music with great purity of tone and finish of technique. Herr Robinson, as King Solomon, sang his measures in a broad and flowing style. Frau Kraemer-Wiedl, as the Queen, displayed a strong true voice and fine force and passion as an actress. Herr Stritt was the Assad. He phrases well and acts with grace and dignity. His voice has in its lower register something of the baritone quality usually heard in German tenors, and he is given to a too frequent use of the falsetto. The orchestra—that of the Symphony Society—was in this opera, as it has been in all others of the season, admirable, while Herr Seidl's conducting was beyond reproach.

Die Meistersinger was produced on Monday, January 4, before an audience that crowded the large theatre to its utmost capacity. The success of the production was immediate and emphatic. The cast consisted of Frau Kraus as Eva, Fraulein Brandt as Magdalena, Herr Stritt as Walther, Herr Staudigl as Pogner, Herr Kemlitz as Beckmesser, and Herr Fischer as Hans Sachs. The best individual work was that of Herr Fischer, who interpreted the rôle of the blunt old shoemaker with a fine artistic sense of its dramatic value, while he sang the music with commendable breadth of style. The other members of the company acquitted themselves with credit. Herr Seidl's conducting brought out many beauties of the score which had hitherto not received adequate treatment in New York; but this was to be expected of a man who was Wagner's friend, and was filled with a spirit of veneration for the master's works.

The season of American opera at the Academy of Music has been watched with the deepest interest. The organization of a local opera company was a new undertaking, and one that was regarded with considerable misgiving. The most careful observers of the progress of operatic affairs in America predicted immediate failure. Everything was against the experiment. The time was not ripe for American music, and the launching of an enterprise, which after all was only English opera given under local auspices, was not deemed prudent. Some persons declared that the Americans would support it from patriotic motives, but those who understood the character of Americans best knew that they would support nothing but what pleased them, no matter whence it came. The initial performances of the new organization did much to remove its success from the region of speculation. Artistically, the new opera company was worthy of consideration. The only question to be solved now is how much the people of New York will find to admire in it after the charm of novelty has worn off. The problem of its ability to withstand the tooth of Time and the staleness of custom has yet to be solved.

The season opened on Monday, January 4, with the first production in America of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*. The performance was received with moderate commendation by the newspapers and circumscribed enthusiasm by the public. And yet for the first work of a new company it was far from bad. The stage setting was elaborate, correct, and tasteful. The costumes were rich, and in harmony with their surroundings. The chorus was remarkably large, numbering little short of one hundred singers, and was rich in tone and well drilled. The ballet was the most brilliant and accomplished ever seen in opera in America, and the orchestra was the superb band of Theodore Thomas, under his own direction. The foundations of a successful opera company are not wanting where these elements of usefulness are present. Some of the principal singers were not equal to the requirements of their parts. Mme. Pauline l'Allemand, an American lady, who is the wife of a German comedian, and has been singing in

Germany for several years, was the Katherine. She displayed a soprano voice strong and resonant in its upper register, but rather weak and thin in its lower notes. She sang, however, with good effect, and acted with spirit and intelligence. Mr. W. H. Hamilton in the basso part, Baptista, Miss Kate Bensberg as Bianca, and Mr. Alonzo Stoddard as Hortensio, were tolerably good. The weak member of the cast was Mr. W. H. Lee, whose light baritone voice was not sonorous enough for the music of Petruccio.

The second production of the season was Gluck's *Orpheus*, presented on Friday, January 8. The opera was given in New York in 1863, but was probably a novelty to almost every person who heard it as performed by the American company. The production was a decided improvement in every way upon that of Goetz's opera. The great solo of Orpheus in the last act, the "Che faro," and the dances of the furies and the blessed had been made familiar by concert performances; but the powerful second act in its entirety was practically unknown. The opera was presented with a lavish display of scenery, costumes, and supernumerary forces. The chorus numbered nearly one hundred, and the ballet one hundred and forty-two. The scene in Hades in the second act was a striking piece of stage realism, and admirably carried out the design of the librettist and composer. Musically the opera was finely done. Mme. Helene Hasteirer, an American of German parentage, is remarkably well adapted to the part of Orpheus. She has a tall, robust figure, a characteristic and expressive face, and a contralto voice of much beauty and power. She sang the music with deep and earnest feeling, sometimes rising to the height of strong and concentrated passion. Her acting was graceful, dignified, and at times exceedingly picturesque. Miss Emma Juch, who was born in Germany of naturalized American parents, was the Eurydice. She has been well and favourably known in New York as a concert singer for some time past. She has a light and pure soprano voice, which she uses with skill. She made a charming picture in her Greek attire. She sang with feeling and vocal correctness. The remaining part, Amor, was filled by Miss Minnie Dilthey. The work of the chorus, ballet, and orchestra were excellent.

On Wednesday, January 20, the two opera companies effected what was almost an exchange of spheres. The German company sang *Faust*, and the American company produced *Lohengrin*. Curiously enough, both performances were regarded by the New York papers as good. No little surprise was caused by Herr Seidl's intelligent and sympathetic direction of Gounod's opera. It had been expected that, on account of his devotion to Wagner, his ideas would not be in harmony with those of the great French composer. No better performance of *Faust*, however, was ever given in New York.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

LIfe and landscape in America generally, in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, are very fully depicted in a collection, of many water-colours and a few oils, at the Burlington Gallery (Old Bond Street). Though it does not primarily appeal to the aesthetic sense, but rather to universal tastes for sport, adventure, and travel, this is by no means an exhibition of common potboilers, or shoddy imitations of the air and manner of high art. Most of the pictures are, so to speak, curious catalogues, sincere untrained descriptions, spirited despatches, valuable documents—anything but the outcome of the special artistic faculty. Strange facts have been carefully noted, out-of-the-way sides of life presented, fast-dying types and customs recorded, for the most part patiently and usefully, without any *arrière pensée* of style. Such, then, as they are they please by their subjects, and by the unstudied simplicity of their manner, which does not trench upon or suggest comparison with the real art of picture-making. Such research of novel subject-matter, such records of interesting travel and intelligent observation, constitute the true field for conscientious draughtsmen and close observers of nature, who may have little feeling for the artistic treatment of paint, who cannot easily perceive the intrinsic emotional character of lines, masses, and colour, and who only use the language of art as a plain and useful prose wherewith to register facts. Some study of the manual, without comprehension of the higher constructive technique, will enable any really earnest and intelligent observer to interest his fellow-men in this ordinary way; and, if he wisely avoid artistic pretension, his work will be no more distasteful to the lover of pure art than scientific books are to the poet. Not that the exhibition is altogether without an aesthetic side; on the contrary, we must praise both the execution and the artistic sentiment of more than one painter. Conspicuous in the American section is an oil by H. R. Bloomer, "The Bridal-Veil Fall, Yosemite," a canvas excellently treated as to the main facts of its stupendous subject, and only somewhat belittled by a mistaken attempt to combine the rendering of air, distance, vast height, enveloping sky, and so forth with too accurate a description of the nature and distinctive character of the nearer trees and shrubs. It is not in an aerial picture, which proposes to deal with such immense facts, that detail of this sort can be with any propriety insisted on. The technical ability of Mr. Caffieri is not often disputed, and we need only say that in treating new landscapes and such uncommon subjects as wapiti deer his wonted freedom and elegance seem in no way impaired. Mr. Allan Edson, even when suggesting a tolerable amount of detail, keeps a firm grasp on effect. His powerful and low-toned "Falls of Yellowstone," with its sombre and gloomy

aspect, and his forcible and broadly-painted "Canadian Forest Scene," are among the most thoroughly realized things in the show. Mr. Verner occasionally, as in his "Buffalo Stampede before a Prairie Fire," where he deals with a marked effect of light; Mr. Poucy, in his "Bears going to Cover"; and Mr. Macpherson, in his "Prairie Fire," are true in tone and sound in execution. Mr. John Gully, a New Zealander by birth, whilst thoroughly illustrating the scenery of his native country, sometimes reaches an artistic balance and breadth of treatment, especially in his best work, a mellow and luminous water-colour, "The Port of Nelson at Sunset." Mr. C. E. Hern also is frequently broad and effective in his handling, grey, silvery, and true to nature in his colour. Particularly soft and delicate in his treatment of skies, Mr. E. W. Cook occasionally interferes with the solidity of his ground by over-elaboration. But of all the pictures in the Australasian section, or indeed in the whole gallery, perhaps Mr. Herbert Dicksee's "Carrying Wood, Canterbury," is the highest and most decidedly artistic in aim. Consistent and thoughtful in its scheme of treatment, strong in colour, and fairly executed, it is more than a mere transcript of facts, more than a sincere study of a straining team of oxen—is, in fact, a masterly effort at picture-making in the higher and more decorative sense. Mr. C. W. Kennedy's studies of dogs are distinctively studies, and do not aim at composition or effect; yet they are painted with a most expressive and graceful touch. Mr. Washington Friend cares nothing about composition, nor, indeed, attains to any excellence of technique in his numerous studies of Canadian and American scenery. He relies on a certain faithful and naïve expression of the curious and interesting features of strange scenery—a steamer ploughing through the rapids of Lachine, the falls of Niagara, and other gigantic shows of the New World. Among others Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Winter, and, above all, Mr. Roper Strutt, deal in all sorts of wonders which they have carefully observed and faithfully reproduced.

After seeing some four or five hundred works which appeal to even so important an interest as life in the colonies one enters with pleasure some of those galleries where the interest is more exclusively artistic. At Messrs. Obach's exhibition, in Cockspur Street, the great attraction is undoubtedly "La Rixe," the celebrated Meissonier belonging to Her Majesty the Queen. It was painted in 1855. Since then Meissonier has now and again used a sounder method, and one more applicable to work on any scale—has, in fact, painted in solid colour with a broader and firmer touch; but he has never imagined better grouping and a more telling arrangement or been animated with more lively sense of gesture. The amount of detail here is simply marvellous, considering that it does not spoil the surface of a picture painted thinly on a russet ground, does not discompose the unity of the impression or embarrass in the slightest degree the vigour and freedom of the action. Textures and local colour (even the stains of age and use on the old red velvet breeches of the combatant to the right) are given with an unobtrusive fidelity that few painters in this age, except Meissonier himself, have equalled or surpassed. The presence of an unpleasantly hot pervading tone is perhaps too evident; yet, at any rate, the picture is throughout in admirable keeping with its scheme, of colour as of proportionate finish. Perhaps the handling may be less solid and vigorous than that of other Meissoniers, more particularly portraits, but it is at least harmonious, one might say precious, in its even consistency of workmanship. In an adjoining room are several water-colours, excellent examples of the realistic atmosphere and broad elegant handling which Harpignies, Maris, and other artists of the French school manage to preserve in a medium too often tending to pettiness or conventionality. A few oils by Corot and Harpignies, though not specially characteristic of their exquisite colouring, are not without interest as showing their greater gifts of style and treatment of subject.

Better examples of Corot's exquisite refinement and realistic truth of colour in a large atmospheric sense may be found at Messrs. Buck and Reed's Gallery, Old Bond Street. Corot has solved the problem of style for this age, has given a model of the way to express the sort of truths we are now concerned about, and resumed in his practice most of the verities of observation and qualities of treatment which in the earlier part of the century were only to be seen divided and in competition amongst various schools. In these pictures you may see combined something of the decorative scheme of colour and the graceful balanced composition of Claude, with a conception at once classic and romantic such as Turner dreamed, and, lastly, much of the broad, aerial, and naturally coloured world that Constable saw. Other followers of the movement of 1830, such as Daubigny, are well represented; as also are some of the more modern pupils, amongst whom one of the latest and by no means the least promising is an Englishman, Mr. J. M. Swan. His picture of a lioness and her cub is carefully drawn, boldly handled, and effectively composed. Indeed, amongst young painters it would be difficult to cite an example where closer study of anatomy and more scientific calculation of method are at the service of so fine and romantic a temperament.

The works of an avowed pupil of Mr. Whistler are to be seen at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in so atrocious a light that it is difficult to affirm anything of them with decision except that Mr. W. Sickert is tremendously Mr. Whistler's pupil. In endeavouring to record impressions and large effects by justly related masses, Mr. Sickert pursues a course of very valuable study which would be still more

useful were his wrestle with nature and her facts less visibly aided by a system adopted ready-made from Mr. Whistler. As it is, these notes and impressions are stamped with a *cachet* of elegance and taste, not interesting enough, because not original enough, to pass them through the severe ordeal of exhibition by themselves. One feels that Mr. Sickert has too patently made use of Mr. Whistler's method as the interpreter of his vision. Delivering the results of his own observation through his own means of expression, he would have found much tougher work. His achievement would then have lost much of that epigrammatic and summary elegance of style in the course of the elaboration which would have been required to make him understood of the many. "Paragon and West Cliff, Ramsgate," combines more effectually than most of the sketches a feeling for construction with delicacy and refinement of tone; whilst "The Three Clouds," though needlessly shapeless, seems to be conceived in a richer, fuller, and more original vein of colour. His "Olive," a young girl in white, is painted with a discerning, suggestive, yet free and liquid touch, reminding one of Mr. Whistler's "Dorothy Menpes," at the Suffolk Street Exhibition. A grey-green wave rolling inshore is a good impression of colour; and "The Bathing Scene, Dieppe," is quaintly composed, and one of the most complete of the set.

THE ART OF QUOTATION.

"THE art of quotation," observes Isaac D'Israeli, "requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract." It is an art not admired by all, and even much objurgated by some. There is the traditional playgoer, for instance, who objected, and still, in the columns of our periodical press, arises at times Antaeus-like to object, to the play of *Hamlet* on the score of its being packed "so confoundedly full of quotations." Landor, too, "the grand old Pagan," would have none of them. "If I cannot walk without crutches," he has somewhere said, "I will not walk at all"—an eminently characteristic instance of his inability even to see more than one side of a question at the same time. But its admirers, of course, as is but natural, form a vast majority, from the times of the ancients (who, as D'Israeli quaintly observes, "in these matters were not perhaps such blockheads as some may conceive") to our own. Cicero and Plutarch quoted copiously; so did Montaigne, who called his writings but "a posy of other men's flowers"; so did Bayle, who thought, we are told, that there was not "less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book than in being the first author of that thought." Burton's famous *Anatomy* is almost a "commonplace book." Bentley thought it a waste of time to read any book from which you could not quote, and rebuked his son accordingly for reading novels. Addison was a master of the art; so was Lamb, though he practised it more sparingly. In Johnson's hands a quotation has often the air of being designed rather to knock the reader down than support the writer. Southeby was a great quoter, and often a very happy one. Hazlitt carried it to excess; and so, some thought, did Emerson, though certainly neither was driven to borrow by his own poverty.

Of all the literary graces it is, perhaps, the one most often abused, and the shrewdest blow ever aimed at the abuse was delivered by De Quincey at the head of the arch-offender Hazlitt. Talfourd had spoken kindly of the offence, calling it a "felicitous fault trailing after it a line of golden associations." "Yes," answered De Quincey, "and the burglar who leaves an army-tailor's after a midnight visit trails after him perhaps a long roll of golden bullion epaulettes which may look pretty by lamplight. But that, in the present condition of moral philosophy amongst the police, is accounted robbery; and to benefit too much by quotations is little less." One particular charge against Hazlitt was the triteness of his quotations; but this, in the eyes of the good Selden, was no fault. "Quote," he says in his *Table Talk*, "such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them." The number of readers has greatly grown since Selden's day, but perhaps not the number of those who read such books as Bentley would have allowed. To quote only such authors as now are "usually read" would not only limit one sadly, but might also limit one to such as are not very much worth quoting. Novels, probably, are most in demand nowadays, and those not quite of the first class; novels, and books of gossip grandly styled "biographies" and "memoirs." To quote from such would bring one perilously near to the pit marked by our friend Selden:—"To quote a modern Dutchman, where I may use a Classic Author, is as if I were to justify my reputation and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen." On the other hand, to quote from unfamiliar authors, or authors familiar only to the student, is doubly dangerous, or even trebly so. In the first place, it is peculiarly exasperating to the less learned reader, besides somewhat spoiling the full value of the illustration. And, besides this vexation of spirit, it has, or at least is liable to have, a savour of vanity. Cotton Mather, who for the prodigality of his quotations has been ranked with Burton, is accused of having been desirous to show his learning, of which he was vastly proud, whereas Burton quoted only to amuse himself and his readers. Possibly the accusation against Mather is unjust; we are all vastly proud of our learning, and probably most of us with less reason than that furious foe of witchcraft. But there is the danger. *The mens concia recti* (our learning, it will be seen,

less extensive and peculiar than Mather's or Mr. Sam Weller's) may scorn it, and quote bravely on to the end of the chapter. But the danger remains, the danger of unconsciously posing as

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head;

though the quotes might at least plead not guilty to the charge contained in the next couplet.

De Quincey, we have seen, said pretty roundly that the man who carried quotation to excess was little more than a robber—a plagiarist the wise him call in literature. So some men called Emerson. Emerson's ideas on the subject were certainly liberal. "All minds quote," he says. "Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote." Perhaps he had an eye at home when he wrote thus of Plutarch:—"In his immense quotation and allusion we quickly cease to discriminate between what he quotes and what he invents. We sail on his memory into the ports of every nation, enter into every private property, and do not stop to discriminate owners, but give him the praise of all." Emerson, says his latest recorder, Dr. Holmes, would never have taken the trouble to defend himself against a charge of plagiarism. "His mind was overflowing with thought as a river in the season of flood, and was full of floating fragments from an endless variety of sources. He drew ashore whatever he wanted that would serve his purpose." De Quincey would probably have put Emerson in the same class with Hazlitt. But Dr. Holmes has taken the trouble that Emerson scorned, maintaining him to have been more profuse in his references to those from whom he borrowed than is generally believed. He has made a list of these references; they are "three thousand three hundred and ninety-three, relating to eight hundred and sixty-eight different individuals." Shakespeare heads the list with one hundred and twelve references; Michael Angelo concludes it with twenty. Plato is named eighty-one times, Plutarch seventy times, Socrates forty-two times; Swedenborg, Saadi, and Hafiz also appear. Emerson perhaps might be included in the list of those who have quoted not wisely but too well. A great friend and admirer of his has owned, what indeed Emerson has himself allowed to be insinuated, that his learning is secondhand. "I doubt," says this perhaps too good-natured friend, "whether he has ever read ten pages of his great authorities—Plato, Plutarch, Montaigne, or Goethe—in the original." There is, to be sure, no particular offence in quoting from translation. It would be hard that a man who could not read Greek or Latin or German should be shut out from all the knowledge that Homer or Sophocles or Plato, Cicero or Virgil, Lessing or Goethe, could give him; harder still that he should not be allowed, under the penalty of false pretences, to make use of that knowledge. But then, as the old song says, "So very much depends upon the style in which it's done."

This is the point—the style in which it's done. All turns upon that; the pleasure quotations give to the reader or the irritation, the support and ornament they give to the written word or the overloading, the learning or the pedantry, the felicitous application or the plagiarism, the testimony or the vanity. They must, of course, presuppose a certain amount of knowledge on the part of the reader. Too many references are vexatious, and then there is the legitimate feeling on the part of the writer fairly expressed by D'Israeli when he says, "Too open and generous a revelation of the chapter and the page of the original quoted has often proved detrimental to the legitimate honours of the quoter." The same authority has perhaps defined as well as it can be done the instances where references are necessary, and has, moreover, himself given the best possible instance by not mentioning that he is largely indebted for his definition to Selden. "Authorities," he says, "in matters of fact are often called for; in matters of opinion, indeed, which, perhaps, are of more importance, no one requires any authority." It is a question whether quotations in a foreign tongue, whether ancient or modern, should be translated. This must depend much on the nature of the case for which the witness is called. As a general rule, such quotations should be very sparingly used; indeed never, unless some particular contrast is imperatively required, or some particular connexion between the past and the present, or between alien modes of thought or schools of writing. But where a quotation is employed more for the purpose of illustration or ornament than authority, it is best always to keep to the native language. One of the first principles of the art, as of all arts, is proportion, a sense of fitness.

The Art of Quotation seems rather to be falling into neglect. It is a thousand pities. Apart from its more serious uses, it is, judiciously employed, both a great ornament and a great relief. Perhaps, as was suggested some time ago in these columns, men write too much nowadays to have much leisure for reading, and so, like Wordsworth, have none to quote from but themselves. Almost alone among contemporary writers Mr. Arnold is remarkable for its use, in all its varieties of grave and gay, of authority and ornament. How happy, to take one instance of its lighter moods, is his employment of the line—

There are our young barbarians all at play—
in his famous address to Oxford. And how keenly, we are sure, must he have appreciated the felicity of the quotation brought from his favourite poet against himself—

And Matthew, all his frolics gone,
Is silent as a standing pool.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE STOCK MARKETS.

MUCH interest attaches to the course of the stock markets, not only because of the magnitude of the properties concerned, but because, also, the condition of the stock markets is rightly regarded as an index to the state of trade. When credit receives a shock there is an eagerness on the part of bankers to call in loans and reduce their liabilities in every direction; therefore there is an equal disposition on the part of the general public to avoid committing themselves to further obligations. Each person is apprehensive that failures may occur, and as he knows not in what direction to look for them, he is not willing to expose himself to loss. The result is a rapid shrinkage in the volume of business. The shrinkage is usually most rapid and most marked in the Stock Exchange. Trade follows, but it follows at a considerably slower rate. When, on the other hand, credit begins to revive and bankers are ready to lend and discount freely, business on the Stock Exchange becomes active much earlier than general trade. This is the case because the Stock Exchange is so organized that speculation on a large scale is much easier there than elsewhere. Sales and purchases are so readily made; there is always a market; and the Stock Exchange is in such incessant communication with foreign Stock Exchanges that speculation is conducted with more facility than in the markets for commodities. The revival of credit is usually the first step towards a revival in trade, and a revival in trade is almost invariably preceded by a revival in speculation. Now we have had a very remarkable revival in speculation during the past six or eight months. The purchase of the West Shore Railway by the New York Central Company led to a rise of prices in all American railroad securities as rapid and as general as ever has been witnessed. There had been for three years before a steady and almost continuous fall in the prices of American railroad securities, and the fall was fully justified by the decline that had taken place in the net earnings and the dividends of the Railway Companies. But it is now very clearly shown by the reports that have been issued and the analyses that have been made that most of the falling off in the earnings of the Railway Companies was due to reduction in the rates charged and not to decline in business. In fact, the New York Central Company last year carried a larger tonnage and also more passengers than it carried in the year before; but, as the rates and fares it charged were very much lower, its net earnings were greatly reduced. As soon, then, as the war of rates between the trunk lines was brought to an end, it was generally perceived throughout the United States that the earnings of the Railway Companies would rapidly increase, and hence the suddenness of the rise in prices. But the speculation that thus sprang up almost as suddenly came to an end just before Christmas. The check was caused in the first place by the death of Mr. Vanderbilt, the richest man in the United States, and the greatest speculator; it was continued by the dispute between the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Companies, and it was intensified by the opening of the debates upon the silver question and by the extremely bad weather that has visited the United States since Christmas. Here in Europe likewise various events have occurred adversely to affect the stock markets. The breaking out of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, the war between Servia and Bulgaria, and the armaments of Greece all led to the fear that we were on the eve of a great European struggle. The defeat of the Conservative party at the recent elections revived uneasiness respecting our foreign policy and greatly discouraged the Stock Exchange. And the bad weather which has prevailed throughout January and continues this month has interfered with locomotion and lessened traffic upon the railways. All these causes combined have put an end to the speculation that was so rampant a few months ago, and disappointed the hope that we should witness early in the new year a considerable improvement in trade. The question is now asked everywhere in the City with much interest—Is the check to speculation merely temporary, or has the rise in American railroad securities proceeded too fast and too far, and are we about to see a gradual decline?

All the evidence points to the conclusion that the improvement in the American railroad world is only beginning. As we pointed out above, the actual quantity of goods and number of passengers carried by the Railway Companies last year were as great as ever before, and in some cases greater. If, then, the combination between the great Railway Companies is maintained, there can be no serious difficulty in keeping up rates, and with fairly remunerative rates the net earnings will be sufficient to pay fairly good dividends. That the combination between the Companies will be maintained seems to be beyond doubt. The combination was begun last summer by an alliance offensive and defensive between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Companies. The great financial houses of New York and Philadelphia had evidently suffered severely from the fall in prices, and becoming alarmed by the continuance of the war of rates, they put pressure both upon the New York Central and the Pennsylvania to come to terms. The great financial houses, then, of both New York and Pennsylvania combined together, and with those who controlled the New York Central and the Pennsylvania they determined to get under their control the whole of the great railways serving New York. By the purchase of the West Shore and by handing over the South Pennsylvania line to the Pennsylvania, they put an end to the war of rates, and having got a controlling influence in the Erie, the Delaware and Lakawanna and the Lehigh Valley, they entered into an arrange-

ment to which all these lines became parties. They soon found, however, that this was not enough. On the one hand, the Grand Trunk of Canada Company stood apart, and, on the other, the Baltimore and Ohio. It is understood that the Grand Trunk of Canada has come to terms, but the Baltimore and Ohio still holds aloof. It was decided that further measures were necessary to be taken to ensure a long continuance of the peace that all desired. For this purpose it was determined that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company should be reorganized. Mr. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, is anxious to have a line of his own connecting Philadelphia with New York. It was open to him last year either to build a new line or to construct a short branch and connect either with the Central of New Jersey or with the Erie; and, having got sufficient control of one or other of these two lines, to use it as his connecting link with New York. The great combination of railway magnates and financial establishments decided that they would checkmate Mr. Garrett; and, having already control of the Erie, they required only to become masters of the Philadelphia and Reading likewise. Accordingly, they have decided to reorganize the Philadelphia and Reading, to break its lease of the Central of New Jersey, and hand over the latter line either to the Pennsylvania or to the Lehigh, it is as yet not very clear which. The financial undertaking is a very large one, for the Reading Railroad Company has been bankrupt for many years, and until the other day nobody believed that it could be so reorganized as to be put in a strong condition. The strength of the syndicate that has been formed, however, makes it clear that the task can be carried through, and that one vast combination will control the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Delaware and Lakawanna, the Lehigh Valley, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Central of New Jersey, and the Ontario and Western. The combination hopes to be then in a position to dictate terms to Mr. Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio, and to fix rates upon all the great trunk lines of the country. Whether it can impose terms upon Mr. Garrett permanently remains to be seen; but that it can maintain rates for a year or two, at all events, is beyond doubt. Rates being maintained and trade improving, the earnings of the railways will augment, and fairly satisfactory dividends will be paid. There seems no reason to doubt, then, that the rise in the prices of American railroad securities will be maintained; and the general impression, both in London and in New York, is that a further rise will take place as soon as it is seen that the great financial combination has carried out its project and has under its control practically the whole railway system of which New York is the centre.

If, then, there is an improvement in American railroad affairs, and if, likewise, American trade improves, there is a very general belief that our own trade will also benefit. English investors hold immense amounts of American railroad securities of every kind. When these securities rise in value, the wealth of the English investors is correspondingly increased. In many cases, of course, the securities will not, however trade improves, for many a year pay dividends; and therefore it may be said that the rise in value is fictitious. But it must be borne in mind that the English holders of these worthless securities gave good English money for them, and that the rise now enables them to sell at prices, if not quite so high as those at which they bought, yet sufficiently high to make them very much richer than they thought themselves twelve months ago. If the matter ended here, the improvement in our affairs would be very marked and very considerable. But it has also to be borne in mind that the commercial intercourse between this country and the United States is closer than between the United States and any other country in the world. A great improvement in the economic condition of the United States can hardly, therefore, take place without effecting some improvement in our trade also. As the American people feel themselves richer they will naturally buy more of English commodities, and the demand for English commodities will give new life to many branches of our industry. This commencing after a rise in the prices of American railroad securities, which has increased very considerably the capital of large numbers of English investors, will really add to the wealth of the country. And if trade with us improves we may reasonably expect an increase in the earnings of all industrial Companies, and notably of our railways. This will add to the income of investors generally, and probably also by sending up prices will add temporarily at least to their capital. A rise of the kind will increase the credit of people in business, will encourage them to go into new enterprises of every kind, and will enable them to make ventures which they had not the means to make a year ago. A marked improvement, then, in the United States is almost sure to be followed by more or less of improvement in this country. Regarding the market for foreign Government bonds, it is very difficult to form an opinion. If we could be sure that the negotiations between Servia and Bulgaria would rapidly result in peace, that Greece would be induced to disarm, and that the understanding between Germany, Austria, and Russia would be maintained, we might look forward with some confidence to at least the maintenance of present prices. Lord Rosebery is hardly likely to repeat the errors of Lord Granville, and we may hope that the conduct of our Foreign Office will be more statesmanlike and will involve us in fewer disputes and humiliations. Assuming, then, that peace everywhere is maintained, we may say with some confidence that the prices of foreign Government bonds will be maintained. But we fail to see any reason for expecting

that the efforts of the Berlin capitalists to convert Russian bonds into bonds bearing a lower rate of interest will succeed, or that much further rise can be effected in the bonds of most European States. There is room, it is true, for a considerable rise in Egyptian bonds if a wise and statesmanlike policy were adopted in Egypt; but then the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government in Egypt is too uncertain to encourage either speculation or investment. And there are some other bonds likewise in which a rise would not be without justification if we could depend upon the maintenance of peace and upon the pursuance of a wise and statesmanlike policy by this country. But the policy of the present Government is so uncertain, and the prospects of peace upon the Continent are so doubtful, that he would indeed be a bold man who would venture upon an opinion as to the course of prices in the market for foreign Government bonds.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S RECITALS.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON is giving a series of twenty-four recitals at the Steinway Hall. His elocution, always good, has of late improved greatly. He has dropped all the mannerism with which we found fault in our last criticism on his reciting, and the simplicity of his delivery, both in tone and action, appeals direct to the sympathy of his audience. Especially touching was the recital of some verses of his own, "The Bells of Is"; whilst Browning's "Hervé Riel" was given with force and passion. "The Building of St. Sophia" had, as had "The Revolt of the Pergies," much dramatic force. Mr. Harrison's sense of humour in his rendering of the comic pieces is as fine as on former occasions. Altogether, his recitals promise to be more popular than ever.

FAUST AND LOOSE.

PEOPLE who dislike all forms of extravagance and excess—particularly the excess of pleasantry which is the spirit of burlesque, will do well to avoid Mr. Burnand's *Faust and Loose*—that is, if they do not wish to risk their reputation with the unscrupulous. On its production at Toole's Theatre Mr. Burnand's burlesque was visited with a good deal of needlessly solemn criticism, wholly directed at certain little hitches in the working of the scenes and tricks. Such objurgation would be reasonable enough if the piece were a spectacular drama, and not the bright and merry parody it is. After all that has been said, if the machinery did not on that occasion work smoothly, its very defects were portion of the fitness of things, and erred on the right side of parody. Did not the Lyceum *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* take arduous and unwilling flight from the first scene, to the accompaniment of the sad and jerky strains of a creaky engine? Were there not visions summoned, and summoned in vain, to entice the enraptured *Faust*, who somehow managed to do very well without them? There was, indeed, a singular propriety in reproducing at Toole's these not very lamentable characteristics of the first night at the Lyceum. The parallel holds good now that *Faust and Loose* is played from first to last with untiring spirit and the most harmonious ensemble. Mr. Burnand's burlesque follows the lines of Mr. Wills's play with great keenness and consistency; his dialogue is exceedingly crisp and sparkling, his puns amazingly fresh and varied. In the burlesque element of the piece we have not merely to do with ingenious perversions of the Lyceum drama, but with novel presentations of certain scenes that suggest the fullest and most irrefutable criticism of Mr. Wills's notions of dramatic art. Nothing in this way can be happier than the vindication of aesthetic principles covertly implied by Mr. Burnand's third scene, when the mysterious person known as "the Dame" undertakes the rôle of Martha in Margaret's chamber. The creation of this much-discussed lady, the mother of Margaret, is a masterpiece. Her woe-begone visage (Mr. Shelton is excellent in the part) tells plainly of the long course of repression she has suffered from; from Goethe to Wills she has endured one long unmitigated agony, and might have solidified to stone and become a myth if it had not been for Mr. Burnand. Thus she asserts herself:—

You don't know who I am. You think I'm Martha;
I will explain ere I go any farther.
Though Martha's not my name, yet I, in tears,
Have been a suffering Martha many years;
A silent Martha—never told my woes,
But now I've got a chance at last, here goes!

And she proceeds to indulge her mood in the most whimsical and abandoned fashion, till Mephistopheles enters as the Dame retires for the night, observing as he waves his wand—

Pantomime change. The Dame turns into bed.

Miss Marie Linden's acting as Marguerite, brilliant and fascinating throughout, is notable in this scene for the exquisite grace of her dancing, when, thrilled by the discovery of the jewels, she floats

in airy circles to the bewitching strains of Gounod's music. Excellent, too, is her mimicry of Miss Ellen Terry; in gesture, intonation, and bearing, the illusion is perfect in the scene where Faust meets her in the new "Place" by the "Criterionberg." Mr. Toole's rendering of Mephistopheles involves no very close or prolonged parody; it is indeed forbidden in the bond which Faust signs to imitate the Lyceum impersonation. In the final scene Mr. Ward, as Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, appears suddenly, with a brilliant imitation, among the company assembled in the Crystal Palace grounds, to the great consternation of his counterpart. Mr. Toole, however, is extremely droll in sporting with the supernatural elements; he flashes fire with reckless profusion, produces coloured wines from impish bottles, and burlesques the tricks of mechanism and electricity that enliven Mr. Wills's play with infinite zest and variety. The steam which fills so important a place in the mysteries of the Lyceum is humorously applied in several scenes, as when Faust regains his youth by being "Maskelyne and Cooke by steam" in a chair like a patent bath, to the tune of "Polly, put the kettle on." There are points in the dialogue that presuppose in the audience a thorough acquaintance with Mr. Wills's play, but, apart from these, there is no doubt that Mr. Burnand has in this laughable and spirited burlesque equalled the most brilliant of his previous productions.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE GOLDSMITH.

WHY gaze you on your shattered panes
Thus ruefully, O Goldsmith mine?
Your glittering stands of rings and chains
Are empty now; but why repine?

I know, I know what you would say;
I saw it all. Your stock is gone;
The unemployed who came your way
Found work, and did it, and passed on.

But then—nay, hush! what words are these?
What utterances of reckless rage?
O check them, check them, if you please!—
Words so unworthy of our age.

"You pay police rates?" Yes, I know.
"And devilish high"—there, there, of course;
And thought you'd got prevention, though
Perhaps not remedy, in the force.

Ay, to be sure, you thought you had;
I do not blame you, sir—not I;
Yours are the usual, let me add
The natural, views of Property.

But take this little volume—see,
Tis Chamberlain's Orations—there!
And personally favour me
By studying its contents with care.

Its "Thoughts on Ransom" duly weighed,
You will, I'm sure, and at a glance,
Perceive that you have merely paid
Your share of ransom in advance.

What? What? Another wicked word!
Be calm; you positively foam.
"Where's Burns? Where's Hyndman?" How absurd!
Where should they be, sir, but at home?

Where would you have them interview
Reporters for the press; or treat
With Ministers; or plan anew
Their "demonstrations" of the street?

"Arrest them?" Did I hear aright?
And what's that muttering about "crimes"?
Good Heavens! To hear you talk one might
Be living in the bad old times.

If they on Monday did amiss
(Which, mind you, I don't say they did),
They will—you may rely on this—
Be kindly, but severely, chid.

Why even now, you must have heard,
The fearless Treasury holds debate
Whether a charge shall be preferred
Against these masters of the State.

Fear not that Ministers will shrink;
But evidence, when towns are sacked,
Must be forged slowly, link by link,
Round men detected in the act.

So play the man of sense, I say ;
 " Assist the law " should be your text ;
 Put up your shutters for to-day,
 Or, better still, till Monday next.

The law, of course, will do its best
 To guard your doubtful-titled self,
 But would prefer, be it confessed,
 That you should lock it up yourself.

No longer, then, tempt lawless men
 Destruction on your goods to wreak,
 But take your wife and your children
 Away to Margate for a week.

Nor fear that Hyndman or that Burns
 Such games as these again will try on ;
 For Government is a worm that turns,
 And they *may* rouse the British Lion.

REVIEWS.

OCEANA.*

THE title which Mr. Froude has borrowed indicates but a faint resemblance between his description of the Australian Colonies and Harrington's half-English and half-imaginary Commonwealth. The elaborate treatise of the earlier writer can scarcely have seemed to his contemporaries as brilliant as the narrative of his remote successor, or as the disquisitions with which it is interspersed. The name of *Oceana*, if the word is properly formed, suits an empire extending to the most distant seas more aptly than the island realm to which it was applied in the time of the Protectorate and the Restoration. Some readers of otherwise omnivorous appetite feel an almost insuperable repugnance to ordinary voyages and travels, but *Oceana* will prevail over the most obstinate prejudices. It seldom happens that a man of genius and a master of English style records his experience as a traveller. Mr. Froude has no surprising adventures or novel discoveries to relate; but his descriptions are pleasantly vivid, and his reflections are instructive even to those who may sometimes question his conclusions. He takes no trouble to conceal the fact that his opinions on colonial questions were formed before he found in his late expedition additional proof that he was in the right. The cordial hospitality of his new friends at Melbourne, or Sydney, or Auckland, was doubly acceptable to a visitor who was an enthusiastic advocate not of the federation, but of the unity, of the mother-country with the English-speaking Colonies. Though Mr. Froude has but rarely the advantage of swimming with the stream, he may be considered fortunate in coinciding with the present current of opinion. A few years ago he would have been brought into collision with that impracticable form of popular prejudice which assumes the form of superior intelligence. Almost all active politicians, from Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright to Lord Beaconsfield, had persuaded themselves that the colonies were an unprofitable burden which ought to be thrown off on the earliest possible opportunity. Within the last five or six years the Prime Minister referred to the original settlement of New Zealand as a warning against the risk of extending the transmarine possessions of the Crown. The occupation of the islands had, as he truly said, been effected by private adventurers whose acquisitions could not afterwards be conveniently repudiated by the State. The foundation of a colony which is certain to expand into a prosperous and powerful branch of the English nation seemed to the speaker an unmixed evil, because it had cost a certain sum of money. The colonists and the majority of enlightened Englishmen never concurred in the narrow policy of one-sided utilitarians. In the course of his travels Mr. Froude heard many expressions of judgment by many informants; but wherever he went opinion on one subject was absolutely unanimous. Every colonist who spoke on the subject regarded Mr. Gladstone as the most dangerous Minister who had at any time held supreme power in England. This unfavourable judgment will not be modified by his appointment of a Colonial Secretary who in his former administration of the same department habitually intimated to the colonies his indifference to separation, if at any time they thought proper to secede. Lord Granville is, however, acute enough to recognize the change which has passed over opinion at home. It has now become impossible to regard the cost of the colonies as a serious evil, except in the case of South Africa, with its successive local wars.

Mr. Froude is not favourable either to federation of the colonies among themselves or to a closer official connexion with the Imperial Government by representation in Parliament or otherwise. None of the self-governing colonies would surrender any portion of their independence; and, as long as they have the exclusive management of their own affairs, they could scarcely claim, and probably they do not desire, even a nominal share in the government of the Empire. All the Ministers and politicians whom Mr. Froude consulted summarily rejected suggestions of the

creation of colonial life-peers or of the elevation of the agents-general into quasi-diplomatic representatives. A Federal Council would be an anomalous contrivance, for the several groups of colonies have no relation to one another; and it would be absurd to consult New South Wales on the legislation of Canada. The pending experiment of a federation of some of the Australian Colonies for limited purposes has not yet been tried. It is doubtful whether any union of colonies would not tend to facilitate separation. Mr. Froude, on the whole, comes to the conclusion that unity will be most effectually secured by leaving well alone. He holds that the national identity of England and the colonies ought to be taken for granted, and that it should be discussed as little as possible. The only exception which he would make would be some arrangement for stationing English ships of war in Australian or Canadian ports, under the Imperial flag and at the expense of the respective colonies. It might perhaps be possible to overcome one practical difficulty which is caused by the prosperity of the Australian Colonies. Wages are so high and work so abundant that it is almost impossible to check desertion. It seems that a distinction in the flag, although it was intended only to mark the colonial destination of the ships which have been lent to some of the Australian Colonies, has offended a jealous patriotism which ought not to be discouraged. Mr. Froude confirms the statements which are constantly repeated of the loyal feeling which might seem, like Mr. Gladstone's right of Parliamentary representation, to vary inversely with distance from home. Nevertheless colonists are irritable, or at least susceptible, and the limitation of points of contact diminishes the number of probable causes of offence. They resent, not wholly without reason, professions of friendship and esteem which, as they suspect, imply a belief that they are not entirely on a level with the people of the mother-country. Mr. Froude's advice has the merit of being easy to follow, and probably it is judicious. For many years past the great Australian Colonies have pursued their own course without interference on the part of Downing Street, except in the matter of New Guinea. Reasonable colonists are probably by this time satisfied that England could not be expected to quarrel with Germany for the untenable purpose of establishing a Monroe doctrine in the South Pacific.

On his outward voyage Mr. Froude touched at the Cape, with the result of including in his book its only controversial portion. Most of his readers will remember that he formerly took an active part in the affairs of South Africa, both independently and in a semi-official position. He was consulted and employed by Lord Carnarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was then endeavouring to promote a federation of the South African Colonies and of the two Dutch Republics. In the present work Mr. Froude expresses his opinion as to the causes of the failure of the scheme, and he criticizes with unsparing severity the conduct of successive English Governments. In general he arrives at the conclusion that the Dutch population both within and without the colony have been alienated by unjust treatment, and that Imperial interference for the protection of the natives has been unnecessary and vexatious. The South African controversy stands apart, as has been said, from the general purpose of the book, and a notice of it here would be fragmentary and insufficient. Mr. Froude's future biographer may possibly reproduce the dissatisfaction which Mr. Froude himself has expressed at the non-admission of Carlyle to the public service. "In England," said Mr. Froude, "it is assumed that for a man of genius no place can be found. He is too good for a low situation, and is likely to be troublesome in a higher one, and is thus the one man distinctly unpromotable. *Fænum habet in cornu*, avoid him above all men. Carlyle had to accept his lot such as it had been ordered for him." Carlyle would assuredly have been troublesome in any department of official or practical life, whether high or low. The most trifling of his writings would be ill-exchanged for any service which he would have rendered as a public functionary. Mr. Froude, on the other hand, with his general ability and his keen interest in national affairs, would have been an excellent Minister or permanent head of a department; but there are many persons fit to be Secretaries of State for one who could write *Oceana* or the history of the Tudor sovereigns. Men of genius are required to do work which can be done by no one else. It has been often and truly said that Pegasus in harness has no use for his wings. South African colonists and a certain number of politicians at home will be attracted by Mr. Froude's disquisition on South African affairs. A much larger number will prefer his lively and graceful descriptions of the incidents of his voyages, and his frequent comments on books and on the characters of men. A still more remarkable part of the book is devoted to his experience in regions which were new to the traveller, and which nevertheless presented to him a continuation of ordinary English life. Nowhere else would it be possible to combine so happily the pleasure of novelty with familiar ease. The general prosperity of Victoria and New South Wales formed an agreeable contrast to the inequality of social and economic conditions in England. Among the crowds which Mr. Froude saw there was, he says, no human being who had not three meals a day. The whole community belongs to the prosperous middle class; but among the ministers and judges and rich traders with whom Mr. Froude came into contact he seems to have found much intelligence and refinement. He differs from some visitors to the colonies in his impression that the Australians have thus far no distinctive tone of voice or dialect of their own. It has sometimes been asserted that through some mysterious

* *Oceana; or, England and her Colonies.* By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1886.

effect of climate they have acquired some of the nasal accent which is universal in the United States. The inhabitants of Melbourne, of Ballarat, and of Sydney resemble the Americans still more closely in their profuse and cordial hospitality. No expense and no trouble were thought too great to express regard and respect for an eminent man of letters who might also be considered a representative of English society. Mr. Froude recounts with a kind of deprecatory gratitude the gorgeous decoration of a railway-carriage which was provided for his gratuitous accommodation as long as he travelled in Victorian territory. Local party divisions, with all other drawbacks to social enjoyment, were apparently kept as far as possible out of his sight, or perhaps his silence on such subjects may be explained by his own exercise of discretion. The colonists will find critics in plenty to tell them candidly of their faults. They will derive at least as much instruction from the kindly language of one distinguished guest who saw only the bright side of their condition and prospects. They would have read with less pleasure the record of his stay among them if he had blamed the legislators of Victoria for their discouragement in the supposed interest of the working classes of the immigration on which their future greatness depends. One enthusiastic Scotchman, indeed, Mayor of Sandhurst in the gold country, declared that he and his neighbours could make room for the whole population of Glasgow; but, as a rule, the dominant class is bent on limiting the number of competitors for manual employment.

New Zealand, with greater natural advantages than any part of the Australian continent, appeared to Mr. Froude to be in a less healthy condition. It seems that the large sums which have been borrowed by the Colonial Government have been to a great extent applied to the construction of public works, with the effect of concentrating the population at the towns and ports on the coast, and of preventing or delaying the occupation of the interior by agricultural settlers. The burden of the general and local debt would be more sensibly oppressive if the interest had not been to a great extent paid with borrowed money. It appears that half a million of colonists owe thirty millions raised by the Government on the authority of the Legislature, and as much more in the form of debts contracted by municipal bodies. It is not surprising that some of Mr. Froude's informants expressed doubts whether responsible government was suited to the circumstances of the colony. His own judgment appears to be suspended; and the whole question is practically unimportant, as the concession of legislative independence to such communities is in its nature irrevocable. It is only where, as in Jamaica, the population is divided into hostile or alien sections, that the Crown can offer protection in exchange for the surrender of an illusory Constitution. It would have been impossible to withhold from New Zealand the power of managing its own affairs; and it may be added that the Imperial Government consulted its own convenience as well as the real or supposed wishes of the colony. The withdrawal of the large military force which had been engaged in the Maori wars involved an admission of the right of the white inhabitants to deal with the natives as they could. The best excuse for the modern colonial policy of England is that prolonged interference would have proved impracticable. Of all the colonies which now govern themselves, the Cape has derived the least advantage from a concession which was apparently premature. A self-governing community ought as a condition of independence to be, if possible, homogeneous. The English and Dutch colonists, the adjacent Republics, and the various native tribes, suffer by the absence of a controlling and impartial authority. On the many important topics which are discussed or noticed in Mr. Froude's suggestive work it is impossible to dwell; and fortunately it is only at intervals that he treats of controversial matters. The most popular portions of an eminently readable book will be those which invite no difference of opinion.

FOUR NOVELS.*

CONSIDERING that Mr. Murray has no small experience in fiction, he has scarcely done himself justice in the *First Person Singular*. The first half volume is tedious, not to say dull; we drag along quietly in a small English society rusticated in the solitudes of the Ardennes, till we begin to think that we may as well placidly resign ourselves to an analytical and severely artistic "novel of character." But, as Mr. Murray gets fairly launched, we are glad to find ourselves mistaken. We leave shoal water for thrillingly intricate navigation, among the lee-shores, the reefs, and the breakers, which is complicated by threatening storms; or, to change the metaphor, we quit comparatively commonplace mortals for the company of conspirators, spies, and dynamiters. So we read the second and third volumes with ever-increasing interest. The shrewd study of character is still sustained; and in some of his studies Mr. Murray has been extremely successful. But the good, the bad, or the diabolical traits are brought out in all manner of accumulating sensations. Several

civilly spoken and smoothly shaved men carry their lives in their hands; some of these are unmitigated but entertaining scoundrels; while one at least, who is actuated by the most single-minded motives, seems to consider that all means are good to sacred or public-spirited ends. Perhaps the man who is at once the strongest and the weakest of his characters is Mr. O'Rourke, member of Parliament, Irish patriot, and leading hero. Up to a certain point he is admirably and consistently sketched, and all our interest is carried along with him. He has a fascinating person, with almost perfect tact. Whether delivering a burning oration in the House of Commons, or breathing soft nothings in a woman's ear, or "putting the comether" on a man who can help him forward or lend him money, he is invariably more than equal to the occasion. He even achieves the seemingly impossible feat of making himself the family favourite of a stout old soldier in retreat, steeped to the lips in prejudices against the Irish disloyalists. Yet, through all that, Mr. Murray, with praiseworthy adroitness, never altogether alienates our affections from this Mr. Hector O'Rourke. O'Rourke is an adventurer who is bound to make his way; and in the conscienceless indifference of his light-hearted nature he uses, and occasionally abuses, the gifts that beneficent nature has bestowed upon him. Then of a sudden Mr. Murray surprises us. He strips the sunny mask from his bright-mannered hero, and shows him in all his native depravity and meanness. It is comparatively little that O'Rourke has made love to one rich woman, and then shifted his easy adoration to another, who is less attractive, but far more wealthy. He is incapable of being deeply in love; so that is all in keeping with his superficial character. But Mr. Murray makes him stab a confiding friend with venomously sarcastic anonymous articles, while all the time he pretends to console with the victim, who comes naturally to his bosom confidant with his complaints. No conduct, to our mind, can possibly be more mean; and so Mr. Murray marks it, by emphatic condemnation from the mouths of the most high-minded people in the volumes. Yet, if possible, O'Rourke is made to descend to a still lower depth of infamy when he compounds the concealment of an atrocious public crime for a sum of money to relieve him from his pressing debts. Nor does O'Rourke even attempt to put his conscience out of court. He knows he is a villain, and he confesses as much to himself; he merely tries to excuse himself on the score of imperative necessity. Consequently we assume that Mr. Murray means to subject him to exemplary chastisement. And it is almost evident that this was Mr. Murray's original intention. He makes O'Rourke smart under the contempt of his most valued intimate. He threatens to punish him still more substantially and severely by exposing him to the wealthy widow he was to espouse. Then, of a sudden, Mr. Murray appears to relent; he springs a second surprise on us, as one of his own dynamiters might do. The weak and wealthy widow is only too willing to forgive; she accepts plausible lies as satisfactory gospel; while O'Rourke so far purges himself morally by retrieving the last of his crimes at considerable personal risk. He marries, he is enriched, and, so far as we know, he is likely to have a brilliant public career and die in the odour of reputation and respectability. There we submit that Mr. Murray has abused the rights of an author. No doubt a rascal who is really one of the basest of men may die rich and respectable according to outward appearances. But it strikes us as immoral that he should be rewarded—in a book—with the concealment and condonation of his grave offences and with the love of a woman who is good though weak and who believes in him beyond all earthly beings. Nevertheless, and in spite of that radical blemish, the second and third volumes of the *First Person Singular* are extremely fascinating reading; and one or two of the minor characters are admirable—notably Zeno, the villainous spy, and Frost, the cowardly and egotistical Anglo-Irish conspirator.

In *Hurish*, an Irish novel, we are among criminals again, though the crime takes somewhat different aspects. It is a story of the peasantry of the wild West, with whose doings, and manners, and modes of life Miss Lawless is evidently familiar. Nothing is more savagely picturesque than that district of the Burren, in County Clare, and we happen to know it well, though Miss Lawless somewhat exaggerates the general sterility, which is more apparent than real. Looked at from the one side it is all bare rock and grim, grey limestone, while regarded from the opposite direction you see many a green hollow, where flocks and herds may gather, sheltered alike from the land-wind and the sea breezes. But there is no denying the magnificence of the stupendous, skirting cliffs, which are beaten by the wild billows of the Atlantic, and, thanks to the scarcity of cross-communications, the people from time immemorial have been holding the law and the influences of Saxon civilization at arm's length. *Hurish*, or Horatio O'Brien, is an admirable type of his class. He is a magnificent animal, with good natural instincts; but he is demoralized by the atmosphere he has been breathing since boyhood. He never cares to abuse his gigantic strength; he has his own savage principles of honour; and he sets his face instinctively against the teachings of his mother, who is fanatical for lawlessness in every shape and willing to glorify murder in the cause of "ould Ireland." Love is brought in naturally to make mischief, and *Hurish* is cursed by the perpetual presence of a malignant and troublesome neighbour. On extreme provocation he gives Mr. Mat Brady an unlucky tap on the temple with his heavy blackthorn. His ill-luck made him strike the only sensitive spot in that impracticable cranium, and he is equally astounded and remorseful when his enemy stifles

* *First Person Singular*. By D. Christie Murray. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

Hurish. A Study. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

Barbara Philpot. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. London: Bentley & Son.

Until the Day Breaks. By Emily Spender. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1886.

into a corpse. He is arrested and tried for his life; but, luckily for him, Mat Brady was a land-grabber. Hurrish, thanks to that vigorous act of violence, although he had held aloof from the secret societies, and kept on friendly terms with his landlord, has the sympathies of all the people in his district, for his victim had been execrated and denounced. The pathos and the interest of the story turn on the revengeful feelings of the brother of the slaughtered man, who had been the intimate friend of Hurrish O'Brien, and won the attachment of a beautiful niece by marriage, whom Hurrish has sheltered beneath his roof. All these complications are worked out naturally, powerfully, and gracefully. The local colouring is invariably vividly harmonious; the strange people, and specially Hurrish himself, are painted with their odd inconsistencies and striking contrasts. Moreover, *Hurrish* will be a useful and interesting handbook to the tourists who go on a pilgrimage to the magnificent cliffs of Moher, or who may be at the pains to explore the remarkable country between the popular watering-places of Lisdoonvarna and Milltown Malbay.

Barbara Philpot is a much more pretentious book, and we criticize it with considerable hesitation. It is a marvellously careful and conscientious piece of work, and Mr. Wingfield, with much reading and research, has positively steeped himself in the great variety of his subjects. But it seems to us that he has been weighed down by the responsibilities of his studies, and in his anxiety to work up a mass of information he has crammed and crowded and overloaded his pages. They are a most valuable contribution to antiquarian research into the manners and morals of an interesting period; but, if we look at them as an exercise of the imagination, they are decidedly hard reading. We would gladly do Mr. Wingfield every justice. He has cleverly caught the colour of the times; he reflects the tone of Dean Swift's "Polite Conversation"; and, more than that, he has realized contemporary portraits of celebrities and mastered all the details of intricate contemporary politics. It is not only that we come at every turn on "Stap my vitals" and "sures" and similar ejaculations, but he has all the intrigues under the corrupt Walpole Administration and the conspiracies of the Jacobite faction at his finger-ends. Needless to say that he knows all about the stage, about the Colley Cibbers and the Mrs. Oldfields and the *débutantes* of the day. The fault we have to find is that the portrait-gallery is overcrowded, and that the action of the story is double-locked by the immense load of episode he has cast on it. The minor and fictitious characters are the best—Mrs. Barbara Philpot, the heroine, who is a society beauty and a successful actress, and Mr. Jack Crump, adventurer and parasite, who makes Barbara his wife by an ingenious trick, to be executed by his bride after the honeymoon. Sensation treads fast upon sensation, and we have more than the materials for a most thrilling fiction. But the conspicuous political figures are perpetually crossing the stage, blotting out the characters who ought to be playing the leading parts. To say nothing of the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, the King's mistresses, and the wide circle of the courtiers, we have Walpole, Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and many others of scarcely inferior mark. When we are longing to learn how Barbara comes out of some critical situation, we are cast back into full political crisis, and instructed as to the effects of some act of legislation on the votes of the members and the passions of the mob. We should be better content to be delayed over the social pictures, which are most graphic; over the internal arrangements of the wretched Southwark prisons, for example; and of the madhouse of Bedlam in its most discreditable days. Nevertheless, and with these obvious blemishes, the novel has many attractions, if you either skip with judgment or read with perseverance. We breathe throughout a stimulating and sensational atmosphere of private intrigue and political conspiracy. And the passion of Barbara Philpot has a pleasant and even brilliant *dénouement*, notwithstanding the unfortunate mock-marriage which is brought in by way of interlude. The novel is written with much animation; it ends lightly and agreeably; and as a study of the manners and the politics of the age, it is full of information, edification, and entertainment.

Until the Day Breaks is a clever and rather entertaining story, but it straggles. Some of the characters, that seemed originally to be intended to be prominent, are suffered to fall into the background, while others force themselves forward who have small claim to a first place. So the novel is mainly episodic; there is scarcely the semblance of a plot, and there is an extremely melancholy ending. Mrs. Spender is an enthusiastic sympathizer with the Irish nationalists, and though this, unlike *Hurrish*, is in no sense an Irish novel, two fanatical Irish Nationalists are meant to figure conspicuously in it. She talks of Mr. Forster's "Reign of Terror" in Ireland, "when one of the most shameful pages in English history was written"; she denounces the tyrannical Irish Secretary's *lettres de cachet*, and she makes her philanthropical English heroine read the pleasant and genial pages of *United Ireland* to the old Irish cottagers in the neighbourhood. For Miss Cecilia Tremaine, though a strong-minded young lady of thirty, has always been fervently sympathetic with the causes of oppressed nationalities all over the world; and a heroic, masculine sufferer for the Irish cause has cast his spell over her spirit. In any small troubles or difficulties of her own, she encourages herself by thinking over all he has undergone as a chivalrous martyr to hopeless patriotism. She is brought across this Mr. O'Donovan in a sensational surprise which is well calculated to strike her ardent imagination. Her place of residence is a snug vicarage on the outskirts of Dartmoor. She is driving one day in a comfortable

pony-carriage, with a Mrs. Rivers, who is her bosom friend and confidant. Near the Dartmoor prison they pass a gang of convicts in prison dress, and one of them, who seems misplaced in the coarse grey and the fetters, has "the air of a most stately, gallant gentleman." The victim of Saxon oppression is Mrs. Rivers's darling brother. He is serving his time on a ten years' sentence for sedition. Shortly afterwards the ticket-of-leave man obtains his discharge on subscribing certain conditions, which he straightway proceeds to break. He is arrested for the second time, and sent back again to penal servitude; but, in fact, that does not much signify to the story, since we see very little of him. Miss Tremaine loves O'Donovan, but there is no sort of love-making, though the thought of him influences her in her life, and leads indirectly to her death. And his sister, who really promised to be interesting, is suppressed in the same way, only to reappear incidentally in the background.

Mrs. Spender, as was right and proper, has bestowed the greatest pains on Miss Tremaine herself, who has to submit to a sad and sudden reverse of circumstances. When the heroine is introduced to us she has all that a woman can desire, except a husband—if she cares about matrimony. She is the petted niece and house-keeper of her rich uncle, the vicar of Morwell, who loves to lap himself and those under his roof in luxury, though he is by no means a model parochial clergyman. She gets on admirably with this indulgent man of the world, who makes himself pleasant on all but a single point. He is the incarnation of austere family pride, and his niece shares the sentiment. If they sinned in that respect they are severely punished. A mysterious and embarrassing mother turns up in Miss Tremaine's case, in the capacity of housekeeper to her friend Mrs. Rivers. For it turns out that her father had married a servant, and that the Vicar had adopted the child to conceal the family disgrace. There is an explosion, of course, when the mother makes herself known to her daughter. The irritated Vicar issues his ultimatum—Renounce your mother, or leave the vicarage. The high-spirited Cecilia never hesitates; but no one could be more disgusted than the miscalculating uncle when his housekeeper and companion, who had become almost indispensable, takes him at his word. Cecilia may have had the consolation of making a dutiful choice; yet she bitterly regrets the change in her circumstances, for the company of her somewhat vulgar parent is anything but congenial. Nevertheless she resolutely and courageously makes the best of things. She endeavours to eke out a scanty income by rearing flowers at Penzance for the London market, while she devotes her leisure to the care of a colony of Irish miners in her neighbourhood. We fancied that she must ultimately have won the hand of Mr. O'Donovan, but the fates and Mrs. Spender had otherwise decreed. She dies, in defence of her Irish protégés, the victim of the brutal outrage of a Cornish mob, which strikes us as a gratuitously melancholy *dénouement*. We are bound to say that Miss Tremaine is somewhat commonplace; but some of the subordinate personages are spiritedly sketched. Her uncle, the Vicar, is a very clever study; so is his brother parson, the incumbent of St. Stephen's, who is the Vicar's opposite in every respect. And we follow with considerable interest the fortunes of the rector of St. Stephen's family, though these fortunes are altogether irrelevant to the main course of the story, especially those of the cool-hearted and weak-minded Miss Harriet, who, being made sufficiently miserable in an uncongenial home, marries a sturdy and handsome but hard-tempered farmer, who has the further misfortune of being a stiff-necked Dissenter, which changes the disgust of the bride's father into absolute detestation.

WALDSTEIN'S ART OF PHEIDIAS.*

I.

SINCE the beginning of the present century no archaeological or artistic subject has been treated so widely and so minutely as that of the sculpture of Phidias, and more especially the many statues and reliefs which he designed to enrich the exterior of the Parthenon. The pre-eminent importance of this subject is due to a combination of exceptional circumstances—namely, that these sculptures were produced by the greatest among all the many great sculptors of the Hellenic world, at the culminating period of Athens' greatness both in art and in political power, and were designed to decorate the chief among all the buildings of Greece—the shrine of the special patron-goddess of Attica. A culminating point of interest is given by the fact that a large proportion of these sculptures still exist, their quantity far exceeding those still preserved to us from any other Hellenic building. Taken separately, the pedimental sculpture of *Ægina* and the frieze of *Bassae* are each more perfect; but no other temple has supplied the varied wealth from pediments, metopes, and frieze in any degree approaching the complete state in which we still see those parts of the Parthenon.

In this large and important work Dr. Waldstein has not only carefully studied and collated the great mass of existing literature on the subject, from the earlier gropings of Weber, Leake, Visconti, and Bröndsted, the more mature and wider archaeological writings of Müller and Gerhard, down to the most recent and even more learned researches of Michaelis, Eug. Petersen, Brunn, and Flasch, but he has also studied the subject for himself with a

* *Essays on the Art of Phidias*. By Charles Waldstein. Cambridge: University Press.

closeness of observation and a scientific accuracy of method which give to his views, even when they merely endorse those of previous writers, some value and originality of their own. Much of the new weight which must be conceded to Dr. Waldstein's decisions on many doubtful points in this difficult subject is due to his methodical and systematic method of examining the existing pieces of sculpture, a method which in its line somewhat resembles that which the able art-writer Commendatore Morelli has invented and so happily applied to the study of Italian pictures—the observation, that is, of certain definite points of size, material, attitude, general lines, and more especially minute details, such as the section of folds of drapery, and the like. Though each one of these points by itself may be insufficient evidence as to the *provenance* or authorship of a piece of sculpture, yet when all agree, their combined evidence may amount to ample and decisive proof with regard to both. As an example of the method employed, though not invented, by Dr. Waldstein, we may quote in an abridged form his classified list of the distinctive peculiarities of the Parthenon metopes, forming a list of questions which should be put to any fragment which may be suspected of having belonged to one of the metope reliefs. It was by the use of this list of *differentia* that Dr. Waldstein made his very happy discovery that a little-noticed marble head in the Louvre belonged to a figure of a Greek struggling with a Centaur among the reliefs in the British Museum, and thus enabled this most beautiful of the metopes to be vastly increased in beauty and completeness by the addition of a cast from the Louvre fragment, and gave tenfold value and interest to the head which still remains in Paris. The points on which Dr. Waldstein examined the suspected fragment were these:—(1) Is the marble Pentelic? (2) Is the scale two-thirds life-size? (3) Is it in high relief, cut out of the solid—not with a ground applied from behind? (4) Does the subject appear to suit that of the known metopes? (5) Is the style intermediate between that of known archaic representations and the less severe treatment which was prevalent after the Peloponnesian war? (6) Is the modelling more rigid and angular than that of the Pediment and frieze sculpture, but less so than that of the *Ægina* marbles? (7) Does the type of head agree with the marked forms which occur on the known reliefs? (8) Does the mechanical working of the surface indicate the use of colouring? (9) Is the nature of the corrosion partial, as would be the case with an exposed metope? An inquiry as to the site where a special fragment was found in some cases would give important evidence one way or the other. These questions, when answered in the affirmative, showed the close relationship of the Louvre head to the known metope reliefs—a relationship which received its culminating proof when Dr. Waldstein came to fit a cast of the head on to the figure in the British Museum relief, and found that the two fractured surfaces fitted accurately together. Dr. Waldstein gives his test list of queries in a fuller form, but the above abridgment will serve to indicate the method which, in more than one case, has led to the most important results.

The first essay in the book, on "The Study of Classical Archaeology," begins with a sketch of the artists in Italy who studied antique sculpture, and the scholars who read classical writers on art, among whom, by the way, Dr. Waldstein, by an oversight, includes Frontinus, whose great work, *De Aque-ductibus*, has no relation whatever to other art than that of the engineer and plumber. With regard to Italian artists, we may observe that their interest in classic art began earlier than is usually supposed; it was not only sculptors such as the Pisan Niccola who studied ancient sculpture, but many Florentine and Sienese painters of the fourteenth century were eager to make drawings of any classical statues that they could hear of. Ghiberti, in his most interesting biographical history, speaks with enthusiasm of a statue known to him only from a drawing made by the great Sienese painter of the previous century—Ambrogio Lorenzetti.

A useful sketch is given by Dr. Waldstein of the apparatus required for the teaching of archaeology—such as books, drawings, photographs, electroypes of coins, impressions of gems, casts not only of sculpture, but also of architectural features, together with illustrative specimens of antique metal-work vases, terra-cotta and other objects—a formidable list, but one which can really be provided for a comparatively small expenditure. One cannot but regret that Dr. Waldstein has not at this point paid some tribute to the great value of the work done by Professor Sidney Colvin in originating and founding the fine collection of casts, which has done so much to advance the study of Greek art in Cambridge. The second essay, on "The Spirit of the Art of Phidias," contains much that is valuable, but unfortunately is written in that turgid and clumsy style which as yet is more prevalent in Germany than in England. In contrasting the methods by which Phidias as a sculptor and *Æschylus* as a writer impresses his creation on the mind, Dr. Waldstein says:—"The art with which *Æschylus* produces these impressions of greatness effects this end by means of a sense which has to us less of the material character, conveys to us rather the immaterial signs of immediate inner thought and feeling itself, which we cannot dissociate from man in general, and ourself in particular—namely, the sense of hearing, and more especially the hearing of human language." Surely a very simple notion could hardly have been wrapped up in less straightforward language than this. To some extent the same fault of style prevails throughout the book, though many passages occur which have all the clearness and directness of expression that can be desired. Dr. Waldstein's essays on the very difficult question of

the personages represented in the two pediments of the Parthenon are of special interest, and show an exceptional closeness of study of each separate point. In order to clear the way, Dr. Waldstein tabulates in his usual methodical manner all that is certainly known about each group, which in the case of the western pediment is this:—1. That the subject was the contest between Athene and Poseidon for supremacy over Attica. 2. That it consisted of twenty figures, ten on each side, in addition to the chariots and horses of Athene and Poseidon. 3. That in the centre were Athene and Poseidon in attitudes of violent movement. 4. That the chariot of Athene was driven by Nike and that of Poseidon by Amphitrite. 5. That in the extreme angles were figures of river deities.

The first and chief question that presents itself is, What form of the myth was that selected by Phidias, and secondly, what precise moment in the story was represented? One form of the legend is that each deity attempted to gain supremacy by a gift to the people of Attica miraculously produced in the presence of the judges, who on this pediment were the Olympian gods—not the Attic people, according to another form of the myth. Thus Athene produces the olive-tree and Poseidon the horse—both gifts of great value—the olive-tree of Athene was, however, decided to be the greater boon of the two, and thus the victory was hers. This form of the story is clear and dramatically perfect, but, strange to say, it appears probable that Phidias followed the other version of the myth, which was that, in opposition to Athene's olive-tree, Poseidon produced an apparently meaningless salt spring. To decide between two such gifts as these would seem quite unworthy of so august an assembly as that of the Olympian gods. Thus the ingenuity of recent German writers has fancifully discovered a hidden meaning in this second version—namely, that the contest refers to encroachments of the sea upon the fertile olive-groves of Attica, and Dr. Waldstein suggests a second allusion to the recent defeat on Attic soil of the Persian invaders. Nevertheless for plastic purposes one would rather have expected the first of these two versions to have been selected, partly for the sake of the clearer dramatic motive, and also because a salt spring is obviously very inferior for sculptural purposes to the horse of the other version. It is perhaps a pity that Dr. Waldstein has not thought it worth while to set before his readers the possibility that the horse and not the salt spring was the subject represented in the west pediment; but he apparently thinks that Stephani's argument (*Compte-rendu*, 1872, p. 64 seq.) in favour of this is hardly worth consideration, and he is probably right in repudiating the importance of the similar subject on a Greek vase, at least as regards its bearing on Phidias's work.

In the main, in his interpretation of the figures in the west pediment Dr. Waldstein follows Brunn, who holds that the central group consisted, first, of Athene, with her chariot driven by Nike, and Hermes as a messenger from the gods to announce her victory; and, secondly, of Poseidon, with his chariot driven by Amphitrite, and the messenger Iris; while in all the other figures Brunn sees representations of nature, forming as it were a landscape background to the central subject. In one respect, and we think without sufficient reason, Dr. Waldstein does not agree with Brunn, who in the nude girl seated on the lap of a draped female figure sees Aphrodite in the lap of Cape Kolias.

The older and more probable interpretation of this group as Aphrodite in the lap of Thalassa is equally rejected by Dr. Waldstein, mainly on the grounds of a supposed want of balance between the two angles if this interpretation were accepted, and also, as he says, because Phidias's conception of Aphrodite was "a far sterner one, as is seen in the Parthenon frieze." It should, however, be remembered that a group which suggests the birth of the goddess would naturally call for a less stern conception than one which represents the mature deity seated among the great gods on Olympus. In one point, and a very important one, we cannot agree either with Brunn or Dr. Waldstein, who suppose the subject of this pediment to represent the moment *after* the contest, when Athene and Poseidon are about to retire to their chariots. Now, as far as we can judge from the feeble drawings of Carrey—almost the only record left us of the attitude of the two chief figures—the whole energetic pose of Athene and Poseidon, with every limb in violent action, seems in the strongest way possible to suggest that the supreme moment of creation is the subject chosen, and certainly not the relaxation of energy which would follow after their great effort. With profound appreciation and enthusiasm, Dr. Waldstein points out the delicate and varied beauties of line in the "landscape" figure of the angles, and he wisely refuses to follow Brunn in the extreme definiteness with which he has named the various representations of natural features. What possible reason can be found for such limited idealizations as would christen a simple seated statue as "the coast of Attica from Munychia to the Piraeus"? Or so remote a one as would name the reclining nymph in the right angle "the personification of the Myrtoan Sea"? Surely this is carrying conjectural nomenclature to a very absurd point of unscientific dogmatism.

Dr. Waldstein's careful system of detailed examination leads him with almost certainty of proof to attribute the well-known fragment of a seated female figure at Venice to a place among the sculptures of the west pediment. This noble statue in a very close way coincides both in detail and general style with the known examples of Phidias's pedimental sculpture. One ingenious piece of evidence Dr. Waldstein bases on the way in which this figure has been broken through its most solid part, hence suggest-

ing that it fell, not from a pedestal, but from a lofty position such as the pediment of the Parthenon would be. This argument based on fracture must, however, be used with caution, as "planes of fractures" usually run with the natural bed of the marble. In most of the pedimental sculpture each figure was cut out of a block as it stood on its natural or "quarry bed," but for some reason or other in the Venice fragment the "quarry bed" is upright, and this would account for its exceptional fracture without any very great fall. With regard to the relative dates of the different parts of the Parthenon sculpture, Dr. Waldstein places first in chronological order the metopes, secondly the west pediment, third the east pediment, and last the Panathenaic frieze. There is, however, very little real evidence in support of this arrangement; the obvious inferiority of execution visible in the metopes (as far as we know them) does not necessarily show an earlier stage of artistic development, as it is most probable that the actual marble was mostly, if not altogether, carved by Phidias's *scarpellini*.

Dr. Waldstein also traces a gradual development in the mind of Phidias as seen in the choice of subjects; ranging from the warlike scenes in the Metopes and the contest on the west pediment to the peaceful subject of Athene's birth on the other pediment, and the calm, dignified procession on the great frieze. The author thinks that in early life Phidias's whole range of thought was more military, and his conception of Athene more warlike, than that of his later life, as exemplified by the energetic contesting figure of Athene on the west front, and the calm, stately representation of her on the frieze.

It is, however, clear that the choice of subjects to be represented on great public buildings in such a city as that of Athens would probably have but little relation to the sculptor's mental state for the moment, and Dr. Waldstein's whole argument on this point seems to rest on the merest cobweb of an archaeologist's fancy.

TWO CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

THE fertility of Dr. Holden's scholarship is very far removed from the self-advertising efforts of ordinary book-making schoolmasters. The frequent appearance of his classical editions is only due to his laudable anxiety that the accumulated fruits of a life well spent in critical research shall not be allowed to waste or perish. His edition of Plutarch's *Lives of the Gracchi* is distinguished by the same high merits, and marked by the same slight faults, as those which have been noticed in his other recent work. The scholarship is as sound as ever and the archaeology as exhaustive; but there is, on the other hand, a similar need of compression. It is true that the Lexical Index, which swells the present volume to the extent of seventy pages, could not very well be spared; but in books intended for educational use there is some danger that idlers and skimmers may pervert to the base purposes of a glossary what would be a real assistance to more earnest students. It would be a lamentable result of Dr. Holden's industry if the majority of those who were entrusted to his guidance learnt about the usages of Greek words nothing more than what might be gathered from Plutarch's *Lives of the Gracchi*. It would be all the more lamentable because that is just the deficiency which Dr. Holden tries to obviate in his *Commentary*, e.g. in the note on *γεγνωμένος* (where he tracks out the course of usage in different authors), or on *προγράψκειν*, where he writes a little essay which is so well arranged and digested that it makes easy reading, in spite of (or perhaps by virtue of) the compact mass of information which it contains. Dr. Holden's faculty of imparting a living interest to the dry bones of scholarship is even better illustrated in his treatment of the difficult word *λάμπως*. One secret of his success is that he quotes the always skilfully selected passages at sufficient length for the reader to retain in his mind the associated ideas. This is Dr. Holden's best excuse for the length to which he has allowed his commentary to run. On the constitutional points involved in the history of the Gracchan period he states his views with commendable perspicacity—e.g. on the distinction between the old dictatorship and the dictatorial powers which might be vested in the consuls by a resolution of the Senate. His account of the policy pursued by Caius towards the Equites is, so far as it goes, good enough, but it is hardly adequate to the importance of the subject, though we do not quarrel with him for refusing to enter upon what must have been an inconclusive discussion upon the word *πρακτορίον*. It is a waste of ingenuity (as he says very truly) to justify or explain what are evident blunders. Nor do we dispute his conclusion that the selection of the Equites to hold the *judicia* was a mistake in policy, though he does not think fit to support his view by any evidence beyond what looks like a somewhat intemperate statement of Appian. His account of the agrarian movement (except a few explanatory notes and a few references to modern authorities)

* *Plutarchi Gracchi*. With Introduction, Notes, and Lexicon, by Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Editor of Plutarch's "Themistokles" &c. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge.

The *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek, and Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Canon of Ely. With a Commentary containing a large number of Notes selected, by permission, from the Manuscript of the late T. H. Steel, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College and late Senior Assistant-Master of Harrow School. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: George Bell & Sons.

consists of a transcript, with a translation, from that historian. His examination of the principal sources of information upon the Gracchan period leaves nothing to be desired; and it may be remarked that Dr. Holden is not one of those editors who can see no fault in their authors, nor does he follow the less amiable fashion which was set by Mr. Sayce; but he points out that Plutarch was neither familiar with the Latin language nor well acquainted with the laws and customs of the Republic, and he recognizes that Plutarch's credibility was seriously impaired by the "edifying" object which he expressly avowed. Dr. Holden is careful to note any divergence which has been detected between Plutarch and other writers, as in the case of the story of C. Blossius, which, as told by Plutarch, does not quite coincide with the versions of Cicero and Valerius Maximus. Upon the minor points of archaeology which present themselves Dr. Holden gives full information—e.g. in the method of voting with *stelae* and on the excellent contrivance (*φωναγκών ὄργανον*) by which Caius prevented his eloquence from being spoilt by the vehemence of his passion. "Friend," said the little Quaker to a ranting orator, "if thee wouldst not speak so loud, we should hear thee better."

Within the narrow limits which are assigned to this notice of Dr. Kennedy's edition of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* it would be hopeless to attempt an adequate criticism; and the most confident reviewer might well shrink from setting himself to arbitrate on the innumerable points of dispute between Dr. Kennedy and Professor Jebb. It would be doing a great injustice to this edition to treat it as nothing more than an onslaught upon Professor Jebb; but Dr. Kennedy has laid himself open to this kind of misrepresentation by the occasional captiousness of his criticisms on the younger editor's work. Thus on 1526, which Professor Jebb writes

οὐ τίς οὐξιώποι πολιτῶν ταῖς τύχαις ἐπέθλεπεν;

and translates

On whose fortunes which of the citizens did not gaze with envy?

Dr. Kennedy frivulously remarks that "such an idea is a libel on the city of Athens." If Professor Jebb's edition had possessed no merits of its own, it would still have done good service by calling forth Dr. Kennedy's elaborate, erudite, and acute counterblast. There is something exhilarating in the Aristophanic violence of this collision between the representatives of the Old and the New scholarship. Not a bad way of inoculating a promising lad with an affection for criticism would be to give him these two editions of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. The raciness and personality which Dr. Kennedy has thrown into some of his arguments would impart a human interest to the more abstruse difficulties of the Greek text. Everybody who is not a superior person likes to see a good fight; and Greek and Latin must have been fine fun in the good old days when rival commentators charged each other with all kinds of naughtiness, *dicenda tacenda locuti*. Moreover, the frequent disputes between his two guides would set a sharp-witted boy to work out a way for himself. Many of the views advocated in the present edition have long been familiar to students of Sophocles, and some have already been noticed in these columns. Much of what is novel in this edition is attributed by Mr. Kennedy to his use of the manuscript notes of the late Mr. Steel, an excellent scholar, whose merits are generously recognized in the preface. Without discussing Dr. Kennedy's commentary at length, we may make the general remark that the longer we look at his pet emendations and favourite interpretations, the better we like them. That, indeed, seems to be the frame of mind in which the veteran scholar regards his own work. Intellectual "hedging" is the fashion of the day, and all discussions tend towards a Platonic *ἀπορία*—it is comforting, therefore, to come upon a sturdy thinker like Dr. Kennedy, who refuses to sit on a rail. This is how he expresses himself on his well-known view of lines 328-9:—"Having at last discovered it (the right explanation) by careful thought and study, I have never flinched from it since, and never should flinch so long as life and intellect were extended to me." It may be remarked that, of all the solutions offered by the editor in the present volume, this is the one which carries least conviction to other minds. He considers that the key to unlock the lines

*ἔγω δ' οὐ μή ποτε
τραῦ' ως ἀν εἴπω μή τά σ' ἐκφίην κακά*

lies in the phrase "*adverbiascit ὡς δῶ*." The success with which he has demolished all other interpretations and the vigour with which he supports his own are not to be denied; but, candidly enough, he states the sufficient reason why his view cannot be accepted, even in default of a better. "No other place can be cited in which *ως δῶ* appears without a verb." The most interesting part of Dr. Kennedy's edition is his Third Excursus, where he once again maintains his analogy between *τίς ξυμφοράς τῶν βουλευμάτων* and *ξυμφέρειν βουλεύματα*, and translates the lines

*ως τοῖσιν ἐμπείροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφοράς
ξώσας ὥριον μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων*

by "Since I perceive that counsellors of experience do also, most of any, keep alive the practice of mutual consultation." Whatever may be the strength of the objections to it, this interpretation has the merit of squaring with the context. It is to be noted that Dr. Kennedy is consistent with himself on this view of the possibilities inherent in the word *ξυμφορά*. At line 99 *τίς δὲ τρόπος τῆς ξυμφορᾶς*; "What is the mode of compliance?" is a rendering which neatly fits the previous question (*ποιει καθαρός*); and avoids the inconsequence of the common interpretation, an inconsequence which,

as Dr. Kennedy remarks, is emphasized by the absence of any particle such as *δέ* or *γάρ*. In the Second and in the Fourth Excursus he seems to have finally made out his case. On line 11 he connects the clause introduced by *ὡς* with the participle *στρέψατε*. "Inform me then, old sire, in what mood attend ye here, affrighted, or reposing in the trust that I shall willingly supply full assistance." The alternative view (which forces an unnatural meaning on *στρέψατε*) was expressed by Dindorf, "*ὡς rationem reddit imperative φράσε*." On line 72 Dr. Kennedy, following Dindorf and others, reads *μυστικῷ* instead of *μυστήρῳ*, and his argument is a model of clear reasoning and exact scholarship. He has been censured for his readiness to make innovations in the text, but he seldom suggests or accepts an alteration which does not stand on *prima facie* grounds of acceptance. But his treatment of the nearly hopeless line 1526 is almost self-condemned; he reads *ὡς τις οὐδὲν ζηλεῖ πολιτῶν ταῖς τύχαις ἐμβλέπων*, "Mighty man he was for one who never eyed jealously the aspiring hopes and fortunes of the citizens." This fussy work is strongly contrasted with the vigour which Dr. Kennedy generally shows in attacking or defending the text; at line 227 he makes out a strong case for *τητελέσθων αὐτοῖς* against Professor Jebb's *τητελέσθεντες αὐτόν*, and at 790 for *προύφαντη λέγων* against Professor Jebb's *προύφαντες*. At line 180 he changes *ηλέα* to *ηεκά*, and at line 525 *τοῦ πρὸς δὲ ἐφάνθη τοῦτος δὲ ἐφάνθη*, both manifest improvements, but neither of them certain emendations. It is well known that Dr. Kennedy has little sympathy with the intolerant conservatism of most modern editors, and in his preface he joins issue with the dogma that "codices are to be followed when all agree." He protests against an undue subservience to the codices, and calls it mere fetish-worship. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that, in spite of the many learned and intricate discussions contained in this volume, the commentary itself is not unsuited for the use of ordinary classes. Its bulk has been much reduced both by relegating each of the most elaborate disputations to an excursus and by omitting many notes which would have been necessary if Dr. Kennedy had not published an excellent prose translation in a small companion volume. Two instances may be quoted of the practical but delicate scholarship which is to be found in all the short notes. On the word *οὐκοῦν* he adopts Elmsley's rationalisation *οὐκ οὐν* (interrogative), and in line 1380—

καλλιστ' ἀντρὸς εἰς τὸν γε ταῖς Θῆταις τραφεῖς—

he points out that Oedipus, who was educated at Corinth, is making a covert sneer against the "stupid Thebans," the point of which would certainly not be missed by an Athenian audience in the time of Sophocles.

ENGLISH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.*

MR. SOLON writes such vigorous English that had he not in his preface begged that allowances should "be made for the shortcomings of a foreigner" no one need have suspected that he was not born in the country whose early art he so ardently admires. He begins at the very beginning with a retrospective account of the ware produced in England before the seventeenth century. Next he treats of stoneware, which was made chiefly in the South of England to supply the place of goods previously imported from Germany and the Low Countries. He goes on with "slip-decorated" pottery, and with the ware that was made in imitation of Dutch delft. Next he treats of the stamped or "sigillated" pottery of Elers and his predecessors and successors; of the salt-glaze ware, which he especially admires, with its sharp quaint embossments and occasionally enamels; and the beautiful tortoiseshell pottery, with underglaze colours. He concludes with the cream-coloured ware which was introduced at the discovery of the use of flint by Astbury, and led to the great triumphs of Wedgwood, with the commencement of whose career Mr. Solon concludes, only adding an appendix on "Foreign Imitations of English Earthenware," a novel subject. It seems that during the eighteenth century English "faience" was so much admired in France that the French Government thought it prudent to impose heavy duties, and finally to prohibit it altogether. In 1786, however, this policy was reversed; and "it is most interesting to read the protestations in which the whole trade vented their grievances" on the occasion of the new tariff admitting the English ware. The chemist, Fourmy, in a memoir presented to the French Academy in 1801, spoke of English earthenware in the most flattering terms, and praised its "new and elegant shapes, all the more seducing that they were accompanied with an unwonted lightness." He further mentions that they had "the great merit of cheapness." Several English firms of potters were established in France, and towards the middle of the eighteenth century "the *Terre d'Angleterre* manufactured at Paris was much valued." It is curious that the name of *Grès Anglais* was generally applied to the flint ware.

Mr. Solon gives a full and well-illustrated account of the fine, but rare, slip-decorated pottery which was made by Toft and his contemporaries. Toft was of an old Roman Catholic family, which has still representatives in the Potteries, and one of whom worked for Josiah Wedgwood toward the close of the last century. From

about the time of the Restoration Thomas Toft began to make the huge, but most ornamental, platters which preserve his name and fame. "He is generally spoken of as a potter of Burslem, but we know that he worked in a lane between Shelton and Newcastle-under-Lyme," says Mr. Solon, adding, "one of his dishes has been seen in a cottage at Hanley, bearing, besides his name written in slip on the face, this inscription scratched in at the back:—*Thomas Toft, Tinker's Clough.—I made it—166.*" Mr. Solon gives a drawing of one of these dishes, on which the artist has represented "the Duke of York," afterwards James II. Taken altogether, Mr. Solon's handsome and well-illustrated but unpretentious book will form a safe guide to the study of an interesting and so far little hackneyed subject. Many of us who are familiar with Italian and Japanese maiolica know nothing of John Dwight or the Brothers Elers.

Professor Church, whose book on English earthenware is already an acknowledged authority, has now brought out for the South Kensington Museum an account of English porcelain. It is not easy "to formulate a perfect definition of porcelain, for the term embraces many species of ceramic wares," and porcelain overlaps pottery "in the case of the mixed bodies or pastes of many English soft porcelains." Both Mr. Solon and Professor Church speak of Dwight's semi-porcelain, the old white salt-glazed ware of Staffordshire and Wedgwood's jasper ware. But true porcelain may be said to have been first made in England about the year 1745—a date which occurs on two Chelsea milk-jugs—but the factory, which is believed to have originated in glass-works, may have been in existence at a slightly earlier period. Mr. Church is of opinion that Gouyn and Sprimont, the two first managers at Chelsea, were not French, as is sometimes supposed, but of Flemish nationality. The oldest Chelsea mark is "an anchor in relief in a raised oval cartouche." The china factory at Stratford-le-Bow was founded by Edward Heylyn and Thomas Frye, who took out a patent for the production of porcelain, containing, among other ingredients, "an earth, the produce of the Cherokee nation in America, called by the natives *unaker*." The works were called New Canton, about the middle of the century, but dates seldom occur, and in 1776 the works were sold to Duesbury, of Derby, and the moulds and models were sent there. There are great difficulties in distinguishing Bow from Chelsea. The anchor mark seems to have been, sometimes at least, in use at both places; but Professor Church speaks of a dagger or Latin cross, and of an arrow with an annulet, as probably marks of the Essex works. Some fragments have been recently disinterred in the building of a warehouse on the site, which have greatly helped in the identification. Thomas Frye sometimes placed his initials on pieces he painted; but, on the whole, Bow is not easy to find or to recognize, and is, perhaps, the rarest of the old English kinds of china. Mr. Church goes carefully through all the chief factories, and compresses into a small volume of less than a hundred pages an enormous mass of information. There is a good index, and the woodcut illustrations are numerous and well executed.

THE WHITE HORSES OF THE WEST.*

THE strange figure of the White Horse at Uffington is so familiar to every traveller by the Great Western Railway that this little book, in which the Rev. W. C. Plenderleath discourses pleasantly on that and other monuments of a like character, ought to be widely welcomed. Several notices are given of the reverence in which the horse was held by various Aryan peoples, and among them by our own forefathers; of the white horses they used for augury in the old home of our race, of the sacrifice of horses, and of the custom of eating horseflesh at sacrificial banquets, which was still sufficiently prevalent in England at the end of the eighth century to call forth the censure of Papal legates. While Mr. Plenderleath adopts the popular theory that the White Horse at Uffington, spoken of as a well-known landmark in the eleventh century, was cut to commemorate the victory of Ethelred and Alfred over the Danes at Ashdown in 871, he points out the probable connexion between the beak-like shape of its head and the same peculiarity in the figures of horses on certain British coins which must, he contends, be the "Hen-headed steeds" of Ceridwen, "the Druidical Ceres," and may perhaps be representations of Ceridwen himself. This seems to carry back the Uffington horse to a period earlier than even the supposed date of the scene described by Lord Tennyson—

When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse
Set every gilden parapet shuddering—

and to place it, as we are inclined to do, among the memorials of remote antiquity. The White Horse on Bratton Hill, where Alfred is said to have besieged the Danish camp in 878, is, in its present state at least, an imposture, though it takes the place of an earlier figure, also connected here both with the English King and the British goddess. The other White Horses of the West—all these monuments belong to Wiltshire except the Uffington horse, and that is almost on the border of the county—have been cut in modern times, and have no meaning save that they preserve the memory of the whimsical folly of their makers; some account is given here of each of them. Among the stories told of figures

* *The Art of the Old English Potter.* By L. M. Solon. London: Bemrose.

English Porcelain. By A. H. Church. South Kensington Museum Art Handbook. London: Chapman & Hall.

* *The White Horses of the West of England; with Notices of some other Ancient Turf Monuments.* By the Rev. W. C. Plenderleath, M.A., Rector of Cherhill, Wilts. London: Alfred Russell Smith. Caine: Alfred Heath.

of a similar character elsewhere, it is said that a Scotch laird actually died of vexation because he could not make his horse look right from all points of view. Besides horses, the chief turf monuments worth notice are the two giants at Cerne, in Wiltshire, and at Wilmington, in Sussex. Mr. Plenderleath enters into the question whether these figures are not significant of the reproductive powers of Nature, and connects them with the monstrous images in which, according to Caesar and Strabo, the Britons burnt human victims. His book contains illustrations of several of the figures he describes, and presents a complete and useful summary of all that is known on a subject of considerable interest.

THE CROFTER IN HISTORY.*

AMONGST the mass of literature, historical and political, which the crofter agitation has called into existence, scarcely a book or pamphlet has been free from violent party bias. We have thus had presented to us the most astonishingly different interpretations of the same documents, and the most widely divergent conclusions from the same arguments. Professor Blackie, for instance, has drawn a picture as strangely unlike that seen by the average observer as his estimate of his own genius seems to differ from the popular veneration in which it is held. The islands are being flooded with exciting periodicals, which may be seen in any village shop window along the West coast, and which are calculated, by skilful perversions of facts, to foster in the minds of ignorant crofters feelings of discontent and revolutionary ambition. These periodicals would produce, indeed, no effect but contempt for the writers upon those accustomed to deal practically with political problems. But they are none the less mischievous when disseminated amongst a people at once poor, idle, anxious for wealth, and ignorant of the very most elementary economic laws. It is, therefore, with relief that we turn to the book before us as being not only pleasantly and clearly written, but as giving us a hearing of some of the evidence on both sides of this much-vaed question.

It is not without a certain sense of amusement that we are reminded of an old Oxford skit on the new belfry at Christchurch, in which a chapter is headed "Beauties of the New Belfry" and which chapter consists only of the sentence, "The new belfry has no beauties." For we read at the beginning of the sixth chapter of the work before us, "In the seventeenth century the term 'crofter' was unknown." The slip is, however, one of words and not one of facts. For crofters, under a different name, there had been for centuries; only, compared with those now existing, usually sunk in wretchedness and poverty. The word "croft," in fact, occurs in leases in Scotland, as "Dalriad" informs us, as far back as 1530, and is used in England in Latin charters of the twelfth century. The real interest of the Highland question of the present day centres round the crofters; for it is their discontent, fostered and stimulated by agitation, and unchecked in its ebullitions by any vigorous enforcement of law, that has added one more to the pile of obstacles which now stand in the way of true remedial legislation and permanent agricultural prosperity. The difficulties obstructing the road to the improvement of the crofting population of Scotland were always immense; now they are well nigh insuperable. In the work before us there is an interesting passage quoted from Pennant, written in 1772. Referring to a district in the west of Sutherland, he says:—"This tract seems the residence of sloth; the people almost torpid with idleness, and most wretched; their hovels most miserable, made of poles wattled and covered with thin sods. There is not corn raised sufficient to supply half the wants of the inhabitants; climate conspires with indolence to make matters worse; yet there is much improvable land here in a state of nature, but till famine pinches they will not bestir themselves; they are content with little at present, and are thoughtless of futurity." Almost every word of this applies to their present condition, except that they have now as a rule fair cottages. They will sit for hours looking at the sea brooding over their supposed wrongs. Improvidence has increased amongst them. Deceived by false promises, they look to Government to give them land and money, and such are their prejudices that at a recent meeting it was actually resolved not to read any periodicals not devoted to their cause.

Now many of the arguments by which this strange condition of mind is maintained are purely historical, or rather unhistorical. Thus, the chapters in the short study of the question before us devoted to this branch of the subject have an interest not purely antiquarian; and the dry bones of a controversy involving debated points on the feudal system and the clan system become covered with flesh and move in modern garments. The subject is too large a one to discuss here, but much interesting matter will be found in the pages of *The Crofter in History* devoted to its consideration. The author has had access to many interesting documents, and, whether we agree or not with all his conclusions, the array of well-selected and arranged quotations is of very great importance to any one interested in the subject. One fact stands out very clear, and cannot be too often asserted—namely, that in the generations of the clan system, to which modern Highlanders profess to look back as to a golden age, their fathers were far worse off in the very particulars in which they now claim a former prosperity. If, as they assert, they are now beaten with

rods, they must then have been beaten with scorpions. It is a very common thing, as Dalriad justly observes, that whenever an ancient Highland custom is found which it is desired to abolish, it is immediately branded as a relic of feudalism. This, as he says, is not only absurd, but mischievous. Hardships and cruelty were as common under the clan as under the feudal system, and belonged not to any particular series of customs, but to the semi-barbarous condition of society. There is overwhelming evidence to show that the right of eviction during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries was not only claimed but exercised.

The historical questions are, however, of nothing like the same importance as the investigation of the immediate causes which have led up to the present state of affairs. These causes may be grouped under the heads of over-population and improved agriculture. On the subject of over-population we read in the work before us:—"The old system of rural economy in the Highlands could only continue so long as causes checking population were in existence. Of these causes the first was war, the second pestilence, the third famine. Every one of these causes ceased to operate in the eighteenth century." And, again:—"The feudal system, by setting a premium on population, had given rise to a system of subdivision which it was not possible to continue." But the evils of over-population were not felt as keenly during the first years of its excess as by the working of natural laws they should have been. The day of reckoning was postponed, only to be more terrible on its arrival. The causes of this were two. Firstly, the introduction of the potato, by its sudden increase of supply of food, prevented the ever-increasing numbers from feeling too keenly the pressure of famine, and so long as it remained certain in its yield did much to mitigate the misery of the people. But while so doing short-sighted policy permitted the ever-growing numbers, until when the crop failed charity had to deal with a widespread and terrible famine, and a starving population living on ground which could barely support them in the best of years. Secondly, the kelp trade sprang up along the coast and on the islands. This, while it lasted, furnished employment for an increased population. But unfortunately it lasted only long enough to induce a false belief in its permanence. Even, however, long before the real crisis came, the misery in many districts on the West coast and in the islands must have been terrible. Referring to the population of Skye in the eighteenth century, Pennant says:—"They prowl like other animals along the shore to pick up limpets and other shellfish, the casual repasts of hundreds during part of the year in these unhappy islands. Hundreds thus annually drag through the season a wretched life, and numbers, unknown, in all parts of the Western Highlands, fall beneath the pressure, some of hunger, more of putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholesome food, the dire effects of necessity." That this state of things, of which Skye was an instance amongst very many, was not due to the high rents of the landlords is clear. Drink, no doubt, had much to do with it. "The people of Colonsay," we read, "were receiving more than double the old price for their cattle, of which they annually exported more than fifty head. They manufactured from forty to fifty tons of kelp, for which they got 3*l.* or 4*l.* a ton. The laird never raised the rents. Yet Pennant says they were too poor either to cultivate the land properly or to fish the sea; and he points to the principal cause in the fact that *almost all the grain was used for distillation.*" And if such was the condition of the human portion of the inhabitants, what was that of their cattle and sheep? The system of common pasture led to the crowding of stock on to areas totally insufficient to support them. "The grass of these mountains is torn even up by the roots. You never see a cow or a sheep lie down to ruminate. They are perpetually active, and seem to hold a very unequal contest with starvation. The poor animals barely exist during the summer. In winter many die, and the season is commonly far advanced before the survivors are able to travel in search of food."

Such was the state of things induced by the series of causes that made the population increase beyond what the land would yield. It was of no use for proprietors to spend their thousands of pounds in feeding the wretched people. Such charity, unaccompanied by a permanent remedy, only increased the evil, while, by impoverishing the landlords, it made them less able to cope with the difficulties in a thorough manner, or to assist their poor tenants to emigrate. The ingratitude of the Western Highlander has never been so strongly shown as by the complaints recently raised against certain families for not residing on their estates, when those very families had mortgaged their land up to the last acre to provide bread for their starving tenantry, and have since found themselves forced to let their places to strangers for the sporting rental. At this crisis relief came in an unexpected, though, as afterwards appeared, unpopular form. It was realized that the vast extent of ground in the hilly districts incapable of growing the scantiest crop of the hardiest cereal was admirably adapted to the rearing of sheep. Every economic argument that could be adduced was in favour of the change. The sheep walks, as they were termed, brought in a higher rent, thereby enabling the landlord to improve his estate. It was admitted by all that the old Highland cattle could only pasture on a small proportion of the acreage. It was admitted that the increase in meat thus produced would be enormous. The old system involved little more than alternations between hand-to-mouth living and comparative starvation on tracts of land which were potentially wealthy. But unfortunately the sheep-walk system necessitated a diminution of the population. Sheep farms could only be made to pay by

men of large capital, and on a large scale. The holders of the old small grazings could no longer exist. Low ground for wintering was required, as well as high ground for the summer pastures. Under these circumstances there was only one course open to the landlord, namely, to evict largely. It was in some senses a cruel measure, but it was usually mercifully performed. It was cruel in the same sense that a surgical operation is cruel, but it was done to attain a merciful end. It was an inevitable economic change, but not an isolated one. It had begun in England in the time of the Tudors, it ended in Sutherland in the present century. The evictions in the lowlands of Scotland had been no less complete in their day, and no less inevitable, only they had taken place earlier and had thus attracted less attention. It would be as idle to complain of the introduction of machinery into manufactures because it employed fewer hands for a greater result. It is of no use to contend that sheep-farming has now ceased to pay. In this it is only on an equality with many other industries which have in their day choked the industries that preceded them. Is a landlord to refuse to make the best use of his land because he thereby forces a certain proportion of the population to migrate? This principle, if admitted, would stand in the way of almost every economic improvement. And, while holding this, we can sympathize deeply with the feelings of those unfortunate people who were rooted to the soil by a deep affection, and who were obliged to move into what appeared to them an outer darkness. But it should be noted that both those who emigrated and those who remained profited by the change; and that even now those glens which were "cleared" compare most favourably with those in which the former numbers remain still huddled together, in the physique, the general health, the industry, and the intelligence of their population, as well as in the cleanliness and comfort of their cottages and the farming of the crofts.

SYED AHMED KHAN.*

IT may be doubted whether the growing practice of writing copious biographies of individuals still living is calculated to raise the standard of such works. It may be inconvenient and difficult to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth about men moving and working amongst us. "With the dead there is no rivalry" and "in the dead there is no change." But if there were no exceptions to our remarks, we should make one for the memoir now before us. We have had lately such extraordinary proposals for what is termed "the regeneration of India," such amazing discoveries of the hidden capacities of natives for managing not only all their own affairs but the complicated machinery of government, and such audacious attempts on the part of the delegates of a narrow set to represent an imaginary nationality, that this work comes aptly to show us what can be done by an educated native who unites devotion to his co-religionists with genuine loyalty to the State. The ancestors of Syed Ahmed were, as Colonel Graham, his biographer, truly says, "men of mark under the Mogul Empire." His grandfather was what Bernier or Abul Fazl would have termed a *mansabdar*, and commanded a nominal force of one thousand foot and five hundred horsemen. His father was a recluse; a *tarik-i-duniya*, or one who had resigned worldly affairs and despised Court favours. Syed Ahmed himself was, however, brought up in the very precincts of the palace at Delhi, owing to the influence possessed by his maternal grandfather. Entering the service of the British Government in 1839 against the wish of his friends, he became familiarized with the routine of business in the civil and criminal departments; was made a *Munsif*, or subordinate Civil Judge, in 1841; and in this capacity was posted successively to Futtahpore, Sikri, Delhi, Rohtak, and Bijnore. He was stationed at the last place when the Mutiny broke out in 1857; and a careless observer might have confidently predicted that a man of his descent, education, and family traditions would have secretly or openly favoured the mutineers at Delhi, and would have acted with some rebellious Pathan or Nawab in Bijnore itself. Nothing of the sort apparently entered into the Syed's head. At the risk of his own life he protected the English residents, endeavoured to persuade a wavering Mahomedan of influence and position to take part with the British; lost property, friends, and relatives in the struggle; accompanied an English avenging force; and never for one moment wavered in his loyalty and allegiance. It is satisfactory to learn that he has been rewarded by the grant of a pension for two lives; that he has risen higher in the judicial service; that he has visited and been well received in England; that he has been for four years—that is, twice the ordinary period—a member of the Legislative Council of the Viceroy; that he has received the Companionship of the Star of India; and that he still lives in honoured retirement at Aligurh, where he has himself founded a Mahomedan or Anglo-Oriental College, primarily for the instruction of men of his own creed, but open to other classes—Hindus, and even Christians. This institution is really a monument of sagacity and benevolence.

The career of such a man is valuable in two aspects. For years past it has been a subject of constant complaint on the part of the Mahomedans that they are completely beaten by Hindus in competition for employment. For one Mussulman in our schools and colleges we find ten Hindus. The latter—supple, intelligent,

acute, and pushing—never learn Sanskrit, often write their own dialect very indifferently, obtain wonderful fluency in writing and speaking English, plead successfully at the Bar, become expert accountants, and adorn the Bench by their probity and legal learning. A Mussulman, on the other hand, takes to Persian and reads and quotes Sadi as an educated Englishman used to read and quote Horace. If he is intended for the public service, or if he aspires to a high education, he must study Arabic. To require that on the top of these classical languages, one of them very difficult to master, he should become a first-rate English scholar, is to require a very great deal. Then, rightly or wrongly, he is constantly credited by a proportion of the English officials with disaffection and discontent. He has, it is urged, reminiscences of Mogul splendour and supremacy. He sighs for the touch of the vanished hand of Delhi. He broods over real and imaginary wrongs. It is his own fault if he is outstripped by men of an older religion but more alive to a new order of things; and so on. It is one of the merits of Syed Ahmed's life and work that he has shown how far these allegations are true or false; what causes have really kept Mahomedans in the background; what the Government can do to remove obstructions and disabilities; and to give them fair play; and what they can do themselves to get out of the fetters of antiquated tradition. This is the first lesson taught by the Life. The second is addressed practically to the English Ruler. Here we have, almost for the first time, the clear, vigorous, honest opinion of a native gentleman of learning, experience, and loyalty, on the popularity or unpopularity of a rule of aliens. Syed Ahmed has a good deal to say on the causes of the Mutiny; on the tendency of our legislation; on our educational policy; on the difficulties experienced by civilians and military men in getting at the real wants of the masses; and on the necessity for meeting such wants and requirements when they have been ascertained. Let us first hear what the Syed has to say about a Mutiny which fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and when put down puzzled some of the shrewdest intellects in India to say why it happened. At the close of 1858 Syed Ahmed published a pamphlet in the Urdu language tracing the Mutiny to five great causes: misapprehension by the people of the intentions of Government; the passing of laws and regulations objectionable and ill-suited to the community; ignorance in the Government of native wants and grievances; failure of sympathy between the rulers and their subjects; and the bad management of the army, under which head he includes the paucity of English soldiers. It is satisfactory to find Syed Ahmed scouting the notion that the annexation of Oudh led to the rebellion, and pointing out that "not one of the great landed princes espoused the rebel cause." So much nonsense has been written about Lord Dalhousie's high-handed policy that it is reassuring to have the opinion of a qualified witness to the contrary. But when we are gravely told that the non-admission of natives into the Legislative Council was the "original cause of the outbreak," we merely understand Syed Ahmed to mean that, with natives in a Legislative Council, the Government is less likely to pass a foolish, unnecessary, or harsh law. And most certainly the Bengal Tenancy Bill of 1884-5 was vastly improved by the dissection to which it was subjected by the native and independent members of Lord Ripon's Council. With more point does the Syed dwell on the discontent caused by the inquiry into alienated and rent-free tenures which in the older provinces began about 1828 and lasted for more than a dozen years; on the practice of selling the old acres of defaulting proprietors in the North-West Provinces, and letting in the new men, bankers and money-grubbers, through sales in the Revenue or successful actions in the Civil Courts; and on the levelling character of our authority, and the occasional harsh and unsympathetic action of those who enforce it. There is a fair amount of truth in all these explanations; and it is just to the Syed to state that, on the other hand, he reproves his countrymen sharply for their unlucky habit of abusing the Government in private for an offensive law or an obnoxious manifesto, and then assuring the Commissioner or the Judge in a morning call that the quality of justice dispensed by the English was like that of Naushirvan, and their generosity only paralleled by that of Hatim Tai. The Syed makes a series of good points when he gives a catalogue of men of his own religion who, as Colonel Graham says, "stood by us staunchly in the Mutiny." It is too long for recital, but the list might be easily extended. Readers of Mr. Thornhill's experiences will remember the fidelity of Dilawar Khan, who guided that gentleman on his midnight ride from Mathura to Delhi. The good offices of the late Nawab Amir Ali with Mr. E. Samuels in Behar ought not to be forgotten, and the long services and loyalty of Moulavi Abdul Latif of Calcutta have recently been rewarded by an appropriate title. In fact, the Mutiny could never be fairly designated as an attempt on the part of Mussulmans to recover their lost power. Many Moguls and Pathans were no doubt to be found fighting in the rebel ranks and the "Moulavi" kept our commanders on the alert for some months in Rohilkund. But no Mussulman, as far as we can recollect, ever put himself beyond the pale of Lord Canning's amnesty by the atrocities proved against the Rani of Jhansi and the fief of Bithoor.

The more serious portion of this biography is relieved by the letters which the Syed himself wrote or the experiences which he details about his visit to England. They are amusing without being ludicrous; and if they remind us of the imaginary adventures of Haji Baba in England in Morier's tale, they are not rendered offensive by the lofty and patronizing tone so often adopted by Hindu law students, professional agitators, and candidates for

* *The Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan, C.S.I.* By Lieut.-Colonel G. F. I. Graham, Bengal Staff Corps. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

Parliament. In April 1869 the Syed went to England on special leave, and he describes his journey by land and by sea, Bombay, Aden, Marseilles, his lodgings in London, and his reception by the Secretary of State for India, with much observancy and candour. The Indian Ocean, we are sorry to say, produced its usual effect on the Syed and his attendants. He felt qualms himself, and had his suspicions that it had not been all right with his servant Chajju. Mahmud and Hamid, the Syed's two sons, were, as the Syed would have said in his own dialect, *la-char* and *be-host*. Aden is gravely described as a place which by dint of work and expenditure had been turned into a paradise from something exactly the opposite. The Somalis spoke very indifferent Arabic, or at least a dialect of it, which a learned Mahomedan from Lucknow and Delhi could scarcely make out. In the Red Sea he was drenched by a wave which came in at a porthole, but he was afterwards comforted by the sight of Mount Sinai, or what the Mahomedans call Jebel-Musa. After this everything was smooth. The "splendid coffee" of Egypt, dashed with cow's milk—it is as often that of the camel—the richness of the crops under irrigation, the magnificence of the steamer *Peona*, with its captain, who had picked up a slight knowledge of Urdu; an introduction to M. de Lesseps, who spoke a little Arabic; the experiences of a Pathani ayah or nurse to the children of Mr., now Sir, G. Couper, Bart., on her twenty-first trip to Europe; the beauty of the coasts of Italy and Sicily; and the spectacle of twelve French line-of-battle ships manoeuvring off Toulon—all combined to make this part of the voyage one of pure pleasure. Even the Mediterranean was propitious, its sea being "like water in a cup." Marseilles was another source of delight. The illuminations at the Dewali in India seemed insignificant when compared with French shops and streets lit up at night. At two brilliant shops the Syed thought that a marriage ceremony must have been going on. He was surprised to learn that these places were merely cafés where even workmen could refresh themselves. At the Zoological Gardens of Marseilles he recognized a familiar object in an elephant of moderate size, but very thin, and shut up in a house. Accustomed as he was to the sobriety and order of a Sunday in India, when all offices are closed, as are the shops in European quarters, he did not at first discover that everything worth seeing might be seen in Paris on that day. Versailles, with its fountains, lakes, animals spouting water from their heads, sculptures and paintings, quite eclipsed the Dewani-Khass at Delhi, the Mehtab Bagh pond with its 360 fountains, and the gardens and summer palaces of Deeg. The Syed, like a true Oriental sage, saw the bed on which Lewis XIV. died, and pondered over the instability (*nā-pādānī*) of this vain world. The only unlucky result of the Sunday trip to Versailles was that the faithful servant Chajju, who had been left behind in Paris, had begun to cry at his master's prolonged absence. We have no room for the letters in which the Syed details his visit to the India Office and his life in London. We are, however, just able to state that the Syed went to the Derby, was treated with much consideration by the Duke of Argyll, then at the India Office, and that at his London lodgings Anne Smith and Elizabeth Matthews did the cooking, set the fires, arranged the papers, and behaved towards their distinguished lodgers with the utmost attention and propriety. Few things seem to have pleased the Syed so much as to find domestic servants reading *Punch*, and cabmen who, as he aptly suggests, correspond to the *ekkawalas* of Benares and Patna, scanning the journals while waiting for a fare.

We are glad to record that one of the Syed's sons is now a judge of the High Court of the N.-W. Provinces, while another has a good post in the Executive Department. The part which the Syed took in debates, of which selections are given, show of course perfect familiarity with native habits and court practice, and he was clear and decisive as to compulsory vaccination. A deputation of humanitarian propagators of disease would have made no impression on him. His speeches and letters, if not perfect models of English, are manly and perspicuous, and he did not begin to study our language till he was long past thirty. It is probable that he will have some difficulty in overcoming the apathy and prejudices of his fellow-Mahomedans, and that the reforms of our own administrators may appear to him to move slowly. But there is nothing of the noisy, vapouring, unpractical Baboo about him. He doubts very much whether "competent and impartial arbitrators" can be found in villages, and thinks a decision by a competent and salaried judge a far better termination to a lawsuit. It only remains for us to say that Colonel Graham has fulfilled his self-imposed task with tact and fairness, and that this biography, whether we judge it by actual results or by its powerful example, justifies the writer in terming it the biography of a man who for eloquence, discernment, learning, and loyalty is the "foremost Mahomedan of his day in India."

SCOTLAND FROM AN ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW.

AMONGST the thousands of tourists who rush northward every year "like lambs to the slaughter," foreigners are in a decided minority. It is hard to say which is the really deterrent reason, the long journey or the tender mercies of Scotch hotel-keepers; but, of all the foreigners who come yearly to England to visit our "lions," not very many get across the Border. Signor Piovanelli tells us that it was almost an accident that he himself did so.

Even though he had got as far north as York and Newcastle, he had no intention of going further, until one day he visited the York Museum, and the Roman and Gaelic relics he saw there fired him with a desire to follow in the steps of the victorious Roman legions, and to see for himself the country wherein they had ruled by right of the sword.

Signor Piovanelli, in the few words of preface to his book, informs his readers that "his aim was to be concise, his desire to be pleasant"; but he can hardly be said to have kept the "aim" very prominently before him when he devotes a separate chapter to every little place he stopped at during his tour, even before he actually crossed the Border. Such places as Hexham and Gretna, even at Signor Piovanelli's hands, could easily have been described in one chapter alone, were it not for the author's extraordinary habit of digression on every possible subject that comes in his way. His feelings, his opinions, his mental attitude when some one wishes him "Good morning," his comparisons between England and Scotland (to the detriment of the former), and his endless excursions into the domain of history—everything is noted down and described with a minuteness which does not fail to prove exceedingly wearisome. No less than eight pages are devoted to a description of the author's sufferings on one occasion when he could only get a back seat on the Callander coach, where he had to endure the dreadful sound of the laughter of his opposite neighbours (two Spanish ladies). Most people are rather glad to find themselves in the company of light-hearted persons; but the author is at no pains to hide the ill-temper caused by the combination of the laughing Spaniards and the back seat of the coach. Both English and Scotch people will be a little surprised at some of Signor Piovanelli's discoveries. He announces that Scotch people, though not so "proud" as the English, are far more "cordial" and far more "merry." To any one accustomed to the huge white dogs of the Maremma no doubt Scotch collies appear moderate-sized animals; but it surely conveys a wrong impression to describe the latter as "extremely tiny," *piccolissimi*. Signor Piovanelli, however, though he denies the size of the collies, acknowledges being much struck by the way in which they tended sheep all alone, without a shepherd to direct them.

Starting from Edinburgh, Signor Piovanelli made his way by Stirling and Loch Lomond to Dalmally, and from there, by Inverary, Loch Fyne, and Loch Esk, to Glasgow. He was much struck by the picturesqueness of various parts of Argyllshire, which he declares to be the richest county of Scotland, an opinion we should be inclined to doubt. We should also like to know in what part of the Highlands "horsemen and hounds" chase "il nobile stag," a form of "sport" which Signor Piovanelli mentions as one of the attractions of the Highlands, as well as salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting. Of the dismal appearance of Glasgow, especially when viewed by Southern eyes, the author gives a very good description:—

Aggiungeva tetragone il color delle case, nero. Fabbricate di pietra arenaria grigia, che presto si cuopre di fuligine, quasi tutte della stessa altezza, a tre a quattro piani, formano lunghe file a perdita d'occhio, senza che nulla ne rompa la monotonia, salvo che ognuna delle coppie di colonne grigie agli ingressi. Poi le solite finestre, le solite soglie, le solite architravi, le solite porte e le solite botteghe; muraglioni che finiscono in un listone scuro, forati regolarmente da buche rettangolari chiuse da vetri. Così per ogni strada; e ogni strada s'incrocia a intervalli regolari con altre. Non so perchè una città moderna abbia da apparire o da farsi così teta.

The statues which adorn the squares and public buildings in Glasgow were naturally a source of intense amusement to the artistic eye of an Italian, and Signor Piovanelli's remarks thereon are apposite and true. Glasgow did not long detain the author, who started again on his pilgrimage, and passing by the Kyles of Bute, arrived at Oban, where he visited Professor Blackie, who greatly comforted him by telling him that, in his opinion, the poems of Ossian were authentic, and only translated, not composed, by Macpherson. Iona and Staffa were next visited by Signor Piovanelli, who had the good fortune, in his opinion, to find himself in the company of a singing-master and his pupils. These irrepressible people seem to have thought that no opportunity of breaking out into song should be lost, so they disturbed the silent pathos of the ruins of Iona and the solemnity of Fingal's Cave, by what they were pleased to consider appropriate music. Touring in the Highlands is generally a doubtful pleasure; but when it is possible to be exposed to such a shock as to hear "Rule Britannia" shouted by stentorian lungs in the caves of Staffa, where the sea provides music grander far, to those who will hear it, than any human voice, it is really time to utter a warning to unwary travellers. However, Signor Piovanelli liked the combination of "Rule Britannia" and Fingal's Cave, though he honestly admits that the waves seemed to answer "con urli di ribellione." From Oban he went on to Inverness, passing by Loch Etive, Glencoe, Banavie, and the Caledonian Canal. The account he gives of the horrible treachery and massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe by the Campbells is particularly good. From Inverness the traveller's road turned south to Perth, and then to Edinburgh. Nearly the whole of the second volume is devoted to the latter city and its surroundings—Holyrood, Roslin Chapel, Arthur's Seat, Calton Hill, &c.—and is far pleasanter reading than the first, as the author keeps closer to his subject and spares his public the lamentable digressions we have already spoken of. Altogether the book is fairly readable, and will probably open a new field to many of the author's fellow-countrymen who may

be tempted to follow in his footsteps. It is a pity that Signor Piovanelli did not take greater care in the correction of his proofs, so as to eliminate such errors as *Fevershaw, Sunbeam, Robinson Crosue, Stain, young, &c.* The spelling also of many of the Gaelic names may be termed slightly fanciful.

A MORTAL ANTIPATHY.*

DR. HOLMES has opened a new portfolio, and the first thing found in it is a *Mortal Antipathy*. And what is the mortal antipathy? Between whom? On what grounds? Is it reconciled or not? Is it physical, or moral, or fantastical? Is it between Old and New England, peradventure? Not that, certainly; but yet the epithet would be in one sense appropriate. Mortal is that which is capable of death, and dead things were therefore mortal before they died; this supposed antipathy (if ever it was more than superficially alive) is dead and buried, and few men have put more or better nails into its coffin than Dr. Holmes; with mortality, therefore, it was sufficiently endowed. But such is not the present theme. What then? That is precisely what no reviewer with any feelings for the author must tell, because the whole story turns on its being a riddle. Even if it is not a reviewer's business to have any feelings for the author, which perhaps is the better opinion, the story must not be spoilt for the reader. Indeed, we may justly accuse Dr. Holmes of having no compassion for reviewers; he treats them about as badly as the hero of this tale treats an interviewer who tries to get some information when the mystery is at its height, and comes away uninformed and very much interviewed. And they not only sit down under this, but they have to do it with a cheerful and complimentary countenance; such are Dr. Holmes's inexorable suavity and good-humour, against which no critic's armour has been known to stand. Therefore we shall not, must not, and dare not reveal what *A Mortal Antipathy* is mainly about. This much may be said, that none but the author of *Elsie Venner* could have imagined it, at least in anything like this form; but this is a lighter, airier, kindlier creation. It is to *Elsie Venner* not as moonlight to sunlight, but as the calm brightness of All-hallowen-summer to the heat of August.

The prelude of pleasant gossip is all Dr. Holmes's own. Introduced by the slightest of excuses, rather as a point of dexterity than because they need any, there pass before us reminiscences of N. P. Willis, of Agassiz, of Motley, and of Emerson; and then a touch of innocent autobiographical vanity. Dr. Holmes has all his life been keeping the centenary of Dr. Johnson, and laments that since 1884 he no longer has this companionship. Dr. Johnson was born in 1709; Dr. Holmes, born in 1809, has happily outlived in this century the days of his eighteenth-century contemporary. But he shall speak for himself:

In connexion with these biographies, or memoirs, more properly, in which I have written of my departed friends, I hope my readers will indulge me in another personal reminiscence. I have just lost my dear and honored contemporary of the last century. A hundred years ago this day, December 13, 1784, died the admirable and ever to be remembered Dr. Samuel Johnson. The year 1709 was made ponderous and illustrious in English biography by his birth. My own humble advent to the world of protoplasm was in the year 1809 of the present century. Summer was just ending when those four letters "son b." were written under the date of my birth, August 29th. Autumn had just begun when my great predecessor entered this un-Christian universe and was made a member of the Christian church on the same day, for he was born and baptized on the 18th of September.

Thus there was established a close bond of relationship between the great English scholar and writer and myself. Year by year, and almost month by month, my life has kept pace in this century with his life in the last century. I had only to open my Boswell at any time, and I knew just what Johnson at my age, twenty or fifty or seventy, was thinking and doing; what were his feelings about life; what changes the years had wrought in his body, his mind, his feelings, his companionships, his reputation. It was for me a kind of unison between two instruments, both playing that old familiar air, "Life"—one a bassoon, if you will, and the other an oaten pipe, if you care to find an image for it, but still keeping pace with each other until the players both grew old and gray. At last the thinner thread of sound is heard by itself, and its deep accompaniment rolls out its thunder no more.

The first incident in the story is a bold and pretty one, and may be mentioned without prejudice to the main secret. It is a boat-race between the crews of a young men's and a young women's college; victory is snatched for the girls by the stratagem of a terribly learned coxswain who has not learnt the story of *Atalanta* for nothing, and flings a bouquet on the water at the critical moment. Not that we greatly believe a British undergraduate would have been thereby checked in his stroke; but then No. 1 would in this country have the fear of a bad quarter of an hour with the captain before his eyes, whereas, as readers may learn from Dr. Holmes, in an American eight the captain regularly takes the bow oar himself, and so has in the supposed case only that which is prudent in his own eyes to consider. But there is a poetic license about those girls in the outraged eight. Wellesley College in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is the envy of all other young women's colleges; it carries out its principles in the most thoroughgoing manner, having, if our memory serves us rightly, two men and no more anywhere about the place, an engineer, and a coloured head cook; and it has extensive grounds and a lake therein, and on the

lake there are boats—but not outriggers. They are not even skiffs or anything else—for the horrible word will out—than tubs of the broadest measurement, and they are rowed double-banked like man-of-war's boats. Doubtless the captain of the boats at Wellesley College has read *A Mortal Antipathy* as it came out in the *Atlantic Monthly*; perhaps the question of outriggers is already being actively considered. Let the girls of Wellesley look to it, or those of some distant Western foundation, whose name has not yet reached Europe, may be beforehand with them in realizing Dr. Holmes's fiction, and startle them with such a challenge as they may not with wisdom accept, nor yet with their worship decline.

Is there any more of the story that we can discreetly tell? Only that the captain of the *Atalantas* does a deed of heroism which both unravels the mystery and brings about its own most appropriate reward; and that the terribly learned coxswain ultimately marries a harmless mathematical clergyman, and we are left to suppose that she became as good a clergyman's wife as another. As for the deeper meanings which Dr. Holmes never lets far out of sight even in his lightest fancies, we shall not waste words on any attempt to indicate them. Those who have a spiritual eye to see can see for themselves, and the blind pedants—the tribe of such as deem that M. Renan must be superficial because he writes good French, such as perpetually do prate of Middle English, and speak of Mr. Lowell as an "American light literary critic"—will be blind pedants all the days of their lie. People who have specialized themselves out of human nature and the humanities may stand apart. Not for these, but for true men and women who have still somewhat of the child—most of all for true scholars to whom scholarship only brings humanity nearer—are the exquisitely ordered trifling, the brilliant, and withal tender fancies, and the genial wisdom, fully ripe and ever fresh, of the work that comes to us from Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FOUR BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

A HISTORY of Ireland by an Irishman of position, without prejudice, of means sufficient to enable him to write at leisure and with every advantage of information, possessed of literary skill, and possessed also of that even rarer quality which may be called historical grasp—this is, perhaps, the blue dahlia of the historical student. In some respects Mr. Bagwell has made a considerable step towards the production of the prodigy; but the historical horticulturalist is still a long way off the attainment of his desire. Mr. Bagwell has evidently had on his side time, means, impartiality, the rare and valuable gift of sympathy which is almost necessarily lacking to Englishmen who are called upon to deal with this inseparable nuisance of their Empire, the knowledge which no foreigner can have, and the want of which leads the best-informed foreigners into such ludicrous mistakes. Placed beside the hopelessly unhistorical tirades of Nationalist historians, beside the possibly unjust criticisms of Englishmen who cannot forgive the ineptitude, the ingratitude, the perversity of Irishmen at all times, still more placed beside the mere silliness of writers of the modern Liberal school such as Mr. Spencer Walpole, who start with the idea that Irishmen are wronged angels, and only timidly venture to hint that in some case the angels have behaved in a very unangelic fashion—placed beside any of these Mr. Bagwell's book stands very high, indeed a head and shoulders above most. As a repertory of pure fact, it is, perhaps, the most valuable monograph yet put forth on any considerable period of Irish history. But it has two exceedingly grave defects. The first is a singularly inertistic plan, and the second is an almost total absence of that combination of literary and dramatic gift which is necessary to the historian. The awkwardness of Mr. Bagwell's plan is so great that it seems to argue a defect of vision on the part of the author. He calls his book *Ireland under the Tudors*; yet the more detailed and elaborate part of it only begins with the second Tudor, despite the great importance of Henry VII's dealings with Ireland, and ends, at least as far as the present instalment is concerned, abruptly at the termination of Sir Henry Sidney's Government, despite the exceptional interest and importance of the last twenty-five years of Elizabeth's reign. This stoppage is so peculiar that we looked to the title-page to see whether Mr. Bagwell does not intend a third volume. "In two volumes" is graven on the front of his work, which thus leaves off exactly at the point when the Tudor history of Ireland becomes most interesting for Englishmen. We believe, however, that, despite this imprint, a continuation may be expected. We do not say that his selection of a stopping-place is intrinsically unjustifiable, for undoubtedly the affairs of Ireland do assume a somewhat different aspect in the later years of Elizabeth, an aspect which is continued naturally enough till the pacification of Limerick. But *Ireland under the Tudors* is certainly a misleading title. The same objection applies to the elaborate sketch, very valuable and welcome in itself, of Irish history before

* *Ireland under the Tudors*. By R. Bagwell. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland. By R. Barry O'Brien. Vol. II. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Parnell Movement. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

Calendar of State Papers—Ireland, 1588-1592. Edited by H. G. Hamilton. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co.

* *A Mortal Antipathy: first opening of the New Portfolio*. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

1509. Nothing better has been done on the subject in English, except that Mr. Bagwell's treatment of ecclesiastical affairs is inadequate. Yet it is only an introduction, and a most disproportionate introduction, to *Ireland under the Tudors*. What have Eva and Nesta, Strongbow and the Duke of Ireland, to do with Tudors? The inevitable impression produced on the critic is that Mr. Bagwell let his materials get the better of him, and yet had not the literary pluck to accept their victory. If he had boldly undertaken a "History of Ireland," had expanded his first 123 pages into a volume, had a little compressed the rest of his present work into another, and had announced a couple more for the seventeenth century, another for the eighteenth, and yet another for the nineteenth, we should have been heartily grateful to him.

The handling, as distinguished from the plan, does not entirely satisfy us. Mr. Bagwell is very careful, very full, very sensible, and, as far as we have tested him, quite astonishingly accurate for an Irish historian. To us personally, and to everybody who wants a trustworthy summary, easy of consultation, of a period of Irish history, his book will be most valuable. It will probably be most valued everywhere in proportion to the information and the ability of the reader. But it is lacking in the instructive qualities of history. We, at least, are not likely to blame it for not being written in the picturesque style. But it is one thing to be picturesque and another to sum up facts and groups of facts forcibly and clearly, to drive each nail where it will go, and to drive the next in some definite and intelligible relation to the last. In these last respects Mr. Bagwell's book seems to us, we must confess, to leave something to be desired. The account of particulars is extremely minute, and often by no means without vividness. But the reader finds himself constantly lost in a wilderness of details, with only the remotest idea of what Mr. Bagwell is endeavouring to show by means of these details, indeed without any clear idea whether he is endeavouring to show anything at all. It is possible that this effect is due partly to the author's announced and very laudable intention not to write so as "to please any party." But there is a very great interval between writing to please a party and writing so as to give coherent and systematic views of historic events. If we are to have mere Annals, a mere Chronicle, let us be informed of the purpose of the annalist more clearly. As far as we understand his intentions, Mr. Bagwell has aimed at something a good deal beyond mere annals, and it is this something beyond which he fails to give us.

At the same time we should be sorry to be understood as speaking of the book without recognition of its very considerable merits. It may be that Mr. Bagwell has adopted the dry and indefinite method on which we have commented unfavourably in sheer despair of taking any general view, even of a part of Irish history, which shall not expose him to the charge of partisanship. We are afraid that he will not thus escape, even though he has damaged, or at any rate not improved, his book to secure the means of escape. What that book really does contain has been already hinted at. It contains a rapid but sure-handed and most useful sketch of Irish history before the sixteenth century, and a very elaborate sketch of the facts of that history for the first three-quarters of the sixteenth century. In all cases the facts appear to have been taken from the best authorities, checked where it is necessary and possible by comparison of original documents, and stated with much good sense and discrimination. The author is, like others, severe on Elizabeth's parsimony; but he seems not quite to appreciate the fact that this same fatal parsimony is an almost necessary accompaniment of Parliamentary control of the supplies. A despotic monarch and an oligarchical republic can afford the lavishness which is indispensable to the successful carrying on of great wars or to the subjugation of recalcitrant districts. Every now and then when a nation is thoroughly and intelligently excited, as was the case in the great wars of Marlborough and Wellington, the same thing may for a time be done in a constitutional country. But, as a rule, Parliamentary institutions tend to half-measures, half-conquests, half-government. If the art of running up national debts had been discovered in Elizabeth's time, she would, no doubt, have availed herself of it. As it was, she did not.

As for Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland*, we gave it patient attention and did it ample justice when its first volume appeared. The second is devoted mainly to the Land question, and its contents, most of which are matters of general knowledge, can be very easily guessed by any intelligent person. Mr. O'Brien may be said to start with two grand propositions. The one is that there is such a thing as a kingdom of Ireland in some other sense than there is a kingdom of Kent, or a kingdom of Man, or a kingdom of Brentford—that is to say (for he does not pose as a Separatist), that the inhabitants of a comparatively small and unimportant portion of the United Kingdom, themselves crossed and mixed in blood and origin more than almost any other discoverable group of persons, have a right to be considered individual. The other is that because A was forcibly deprived of his land about 1580 by B, B's successors in title, perhaps through half a dozen of lawful and peaceable transfers for value received, ought to be dispossessed or fined in 1880 in favour of C, who has as much evidence to show of his inheritance of A's title as Mr. O'Brien himself, or we his humble reviewers. These preposterous propositions are in favour now, and it is very likely a good time for advancing them. But they are no sooner stated than they are judged by all competent historical students, all politicians who

look to something else than the jump of the cat, and all students of human nature. For the rest, Mr. O'Brien, as we had the pleasure of acknowledging in reference to his first volume, is the fairest-minded man that ever adopted these particular principles. It was indeed scarcely fair of him to insinuate on an early page of the present volume that the Enniskilleners were cowards at the Boyne, and it was also scarcely wise; for, if they were, the fact scarcely gilds the abject defeat of his friends the native Irish by these same Enniskilleners at Newtown Butler. This damaging kind of inference, however, is the kind of thing of which a native Irishman naturally does not think. Mr. O'Brien's book is like all honestly written books, whatever the principles of their owners, a book of value. It contains a considerable amount of statistics conveniently arranged, and a still more considerable amount of facts, from which every reasonable man of some small cultivation can draw his own conclusions. The stoutest partisan of "ascendancy"—in other words, of the simple fact that in a partnership there must be a casting vote of some sort—may acknowledge that it is not persons like Mr. O'Brien who are at the bottom of the Irish difficulty. And as for his demand, put in very moderate language, for a system of home government, let him take this answer, given by persons than whom he will find nowhere stouter opponents of Home Rule, and not in many places opponents better informed of Irish history. We only wish we could. If Home Rule could be granted without certain danger to the Empire, the results in Ireland would settle the question for ever. Complete extermination of the inhabitants might not follow; the benevolent faculty of the Kilkenny cat has perhaps been lost. But it is certain that, at the end of a few years, bankruptcy, intestine fighting, and complete destruction of all trade would call for a fresh interference which this time might be final. Unfortunately, modern Englishmen are squeamish, and unfortunately also their duty to themselves and the world at large makes it impossible to let Ireland loose on herself and creation. We wish, we repeat, that it were otherwise. But with the murder of Mr. Curtin fresh in our minds we really cannot recommend that the murderers should be turned loose to follow their instincts at home and abroad.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's book on what he calls *The Parnell Movement* contrasts unfortunately with both those which have just been noticed. Mr. Bagwell is as really impartial as a man (at least an Irishman) can be; and Mr. O'Brien is as impartial as the judicial blindness arising from obstinate, though doubtless honest, prejudice will let him be. Mr. O'Connor's book, on the other hand, is a partisan scream in some six hundred pages of newspaper English. "Major Traill and Mr. Clifford Lloyd raged through the population [sic] with a perfect frenzy for insult, lawlessness, and cruelty." "Every single act of police tyranny found a staunch advocate in Mr. Forster." The repression which the crimes of Mr. O'Connor's own party provoked is "a cycle of eviction, imprisonment, and brutal murder." "Of course the conduct of Mr. Forster was very contemptible," &c. &c. These are samples of Mr. O'Connor's history as applied to persons and events which are within the recollection of everybody. It is fair to say that Mr. Biggar is described as being "self-reliant, firm, and masculine"; and that, generally speaking, Mr. O'Connor is quite as lavish of praise to his friends as he is of abuse to his enemies. This, no doubt, is a kind of compensation, though we can hardly say that it is the kind of compensation which history demands. Nor can the author be taken more seriously when he is treating of times somewhat more remote, and therefore, it might be thought, less provocative of partisanship. "As the Irish peasants left their country with curses and tears, the English newspapers seized every opportunity of mocking their sufferings." Earlier still "landlords and tenants were carrying on war in their own lawless fashion." That is to say, according to Mr. O'Connor, to evict a tenant for not complying with his lawful obligations and to shoot a landlord for exercising his lawful rights were equally "lawless" proceedings. It is impossible to review seriously a book written in such a fashion, and we may end by hoping that, as it will certainly mislead some foolish people, so the natural revulsion which most sensible people will feel in reading it may serve as a sort of set-off.

The latest volume of Irish State papers deals with a short period, and contains voluminous and, in some cases, interesting details as to the fate of the Spaniards who, in the retreat of the Armada, voluntarily landed or were cast away on the coast of Ireland. On the whole, however, the collection is rather barren of matters of general interest, and Mr. Hamilton's introduction, though doubtless painstaking, does not show the art (in which many of the Rolls editors have been most creditably proficient) of exhibiting the new and attractive matter in a tempting précis, at once readable in itself and stimulating to the student. It is true that this art is no easy one, but an editor of such work who has it not is only "a one-eyed calendar."

THE YEAR'S SPORT.*

THE Year's Art is a little annual volume with which we are familiar, and *The Year's Sport* does for amusements of every kind what the other record does for sculpture and painting. It is a work very useful to people who might otherwise be obliged

* *The Year's Sport*. Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. London: Longmans. 1886.

either to remain in ignorance of something that interests them, or to search in the files of old newspapers, or to do whatever now answers to "writing to *Bell's Life*." All pastimes are a series of "events" and, cultivated as is the sportive memory, all men cannot remember how many runs Mr. Grace made here, or what weight Goggles carried there, or how many "golds" were made at the champion meeting of the Toxophiles, or how Pettitt and Lambert fared in the big tennis match. There exist already a number of little volumes which contain, as it were, the small change of all this kind of information. The turf has its *Ruff*, and cricket its *Lillywhite's Guide*. But Mr. Alfred Watson has had the happy thought of combining all the sportive annals in one handsome volume, whose only drawback may prove to be the fatal gift of beauty. Possibly—for we do not pretend to be certain—bare official records, with no literary merit or introductions or comments, would prove the best and most profitable form in which *The Year's Sport* could be published. Then the book would be simply and solely a book of reference, and much smaller and cheaper than it is at present. *The Year's Sport* is essentially a library book for clubs and country-houses, and not a manual that can be carried in the pocket. But then it is also much more interesting and attractive to the reader than a mere book of reference. You take it up to determine some moot point, perhaps to decide some little bet, and you go on reading, and acquiring miscellaneous information.

The sports are alphabetically arranged; they begin with archery and end with yachting. Altogether there are twenty-three forms of amusement treated here, and each has an introduction by an expert. Thus, in a preface to racing statistics and narratives of the chief events, Mr. Watson himself provides a readable essay on the sport of the past season, starting from the exploits of St. Simon and St. Gatien, and rapidly advancing to Lincoln, the City and Suburban, and so on through a connected statement. Then follows an account of the performances of the various jockeys. G. Barrett is informed that "if he conducts himself in a manner as different as possible from that usually adopted by the 'fashionable light-weight'—that is to say, if he endeavours to earn the respect of honest men—he should have a brilliant career before him." We confess that we can imagine a compilation of this kind quite complete without any didactic remarks (however excellent) addressed to G. Barrett. Notes on the two-year-olds of the year, inspired by Tom Cannon, are much more to the purpose. Mr. Cannon fears that the Bard "does not look like making more than the ordinary advance with age." We have always dreaded for the Bard the common fate of "infant phenomena." Minting is "broad to meet," and Saraband "cannot properly be put in the front rank," while Ormonde is, perhaps, the best of the year. Mr. Watson also takes charge of Steeplechasing, where he is much at home; and Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley writes on Shooting with knowledge and enthusiasm. Mr. Stuart Wortley himself admits that, in stalking, the multiplication of "sanctuaries" "tinges the pursuit with somewhat of artificiality." The sport is essentially artificial at best, and becomes manifestly so when the stalker sees scores of stags within easy reach in the "sanctuary," and nothing but empty mountain-side everywhere else. Mr. Winans is not more beloved by Mr. Stuart Wortley than by Mr. Bryce, because he keeps four or five of the best lodges in Scotland standing empty. The lairds who take his rents are, perhaps, primarily to blame; but much more of Mr. Winans will leave the sport of deer-stalking a blank in some future edition of this useful volume. A writer who may probably be recognized under his assumed name of Falcon writes in a very pleasant way on Tennis. From him we learn that Pettitt, the American professional, is a Kentishman after all, and was born twenty-six years ago, at Beckenham. "Youth will be served," but it also will "serve" more vigorously than veterans, and thus Pettitt outlasted and defeated Lambert. Trotting, though not a very favourite English sport, receives due attention, and so do, naturally, the unrivalled performances of Maud S., who covered a mile in 2 min. 32 sec. last July. The Russians and Italians are now devoting their talents and capital to the breeding of trotters. As to Fox-hunting, "Brookby" discerns the only little cloud in its horizon, and proclaims that cloud to be "over-popularity." Kingsley used to listen with deep gloom to the barking of the fox at night, believing that in short time the animal would be as extinct as the dodo. "Brookby" is of a more sanguine character, and we can only hope that Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Hyndman will not drive the fox from our shores. In Ireland his only chance is in the not improbable future of anarchy and desolation. But democratic football, and even cricket, which Mr. Gale discourses on with his usual enthusiasm, may flourish even in the England of the future. So we part, with praise, from *The Year's Sport*.

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE.*

IT is occasionally desirable that Englishmen employed in India and in some of our Eastern dependencies should see themselves as Americans see them; and Mr. Hornaday, who divided two years of exploration between India, Ceylon, Singapore, and Borneo,

seems to have met with much kindness from certain Anglo-Indians, especially those of the Survey and Forest Departments. He was evidently surprised at the discovery that "nearly all of his East Indian friends were English"; but whether this means that he did not get on well with the natives, or that he expected to find the Annamalai Hills and Neilgherries in Madras thickly colonized by French and Germans or Irishmen, we are not certain. Mr. Hornaday is very much given to speaking his mind, and he formed no very favourable opinion of either Mahomedans or Hindus. To him a Dyak, now that the savage has given up the noble practice of head-hunting, is worth any number of natives, whether known as Ram Sing, Vencataroyloo, or Hassan and Hassain. Something of this feeling may be traceable to Mr. Hornaday's ignorance of the languages and to unfavourable specimens of the native character, and in some measure to such an antipathy to caste and hereditary aristocracy as is becoming in a genuine Republican. He has no patience even with English "wholesale merchants and their clerks who hold themselves socially above the retail merchants and their clerks," or with "nonsensical standards" of etiquette and precedence, and he can honestly "thank God for America, where every man stands on his merits, if he has any." To this genuine Yankee sentiment and speech we may ascribe the occasional introduction of such phrases as "insulting back-talk," "abominable scallawags," "scrawny fowls," "general cussedness of natives," and the "hawk that whipped the vulture." These things are to be expected, and can be overlooked; but not so a profane allusion to a remarkable passage in the New Testament; and what is the authority for saying that many prominent characters in the Old Testament were given to polyandry? It cannot be a mistake for polygamy, as this term occurs in the same sentence.

But if Mr. Hornaday is occasionally coarse in sentiment as well as flippant in expression, he is observant, intelligent, and, as far as we can judge, accurate and truthful in his narrative. He was no ordinary tourist "doing India" in the cold weather, purchasing inlaid boxes at Bombay, embroidered scarves at Delhi, and brocades at Benares, and making disparaging contrasts between the pay of a clerk in our War Office and that of a Magistrate or Collector in Upper India. His home was the jungle, and he defied fever, ague, and all other incidents to life in the camp and the forest. He boasts, as he may well do, of his pedestrianism and endurance. He could live on boiled rice or such game as fell to his rifle. He thought the flesh of the muntjac, otherwise known as the *kakur*, or barking deer, superior to any other venison, and a fresh-gathered coco-nut better than any sparkling champagne. Occasionally he was brought to a standstill by the exhaustion of his remittances from America, but some generous English firm at Colombo or Singapore was always ready to supply a temporary vacuum. We do not find, and are glad that we do not find, in the book a series of offhand judgments on the merits and defects of Anglo-Indian administration, and we should rather doubt if the author knew the difference between a Collector and a Commissioner. But then Mr. Hornaday's business was with jungles traversed by elephants and bison, and not with stuffy kutcheries and bazaars crammed with buyers and sellers. One criticism, however, on a celebrated monument to be seen at one of the old capitals of Hindostan we must not omit. He had heard that there was on the banks of the Jumna a "dream in marble" or a "psalm in stone," so he shipped off his specimens to Calcutta and took a little trip in order to see this wonder of the Eastern and Western world. But he was lamentably disappointed. No structure had ever been so overpraised. It had been made the subject of incoherent ravings and superlative descriptions, and was only credited with architectural beauty by reason of the superabundance of mud-huts and Hindu temples. Its dome had bulging sides and a contracted base. Its minarets were low, "dumpy," and plain. Its size is not to the purpose, for its width only covers one hundred and fifty feet each way. Its cost—by tradition more than a million—is the only thing "satisfactory" about it, and there are many buildings more grand, graceful, and imposing, as well as hundreds which seemed more sacred. We really must congratulate a writer on the daring imagination which has found out the Taj Mahal to be an imposture, and on the criticism which proves Bernier, Bishop Heber, and others to have been wholly blind.

The truth is, as we have said, that Mr. Hornaday came to India with the one idea of collecting specimens for the Natural Museum of the United States, and whole provinces were either fruitful or barren just as they did or did not abound with elephants, alligators, serpents, and monkeys. Probably no Indian sportsman ever pursued the saurian race with such determination and success. Major Ross of the Engineers, who was employed on the Ganges Canal, invited Mr. Hornaday to his camp in the Etawa district, and here and all along the Jumna the author stalked gavials as other sportsmen do the black buck. He very soon found out that to hit the creature in the head with an Express-rifle bullet was to spoil a fine specimen, while to hit the heart or lungs was to make the alligator take to the water faster than one not hit at all. So he practised at a mark until he could make sure of hitting the vertebral column and causing paralysis, so that he could secure his prize by a rush. In this way by the aid of a native crew he secured specimens of eight and ten feet long, and the process of cutting up, skinning, and preserving these creatures is described with all the gusto and minuteness of a skilled taxidermist.

Mr. Hornaday contrived to visit Calcutta on his way to Madras and the Hills, in the very height of the hot season,

* *Two Years in the Jungle: the Experiences of a Hunter and Naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo*. By William T. Hornaday, Chief Taxidermist, U.S. National Museum, late Collector for Ward's Natural Science Establishment. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

and was apparently as disappointed at the failure of this metropolis in the matter of Palaces as he had been with the Taj Mahal. But he found ample compensation on the Animalais Hills in the south of Madras. Here he fell in with an active official of the Forest Department, made friends with Pahurs, Irulars, and other aboriginal tribes, laughed at fever, and spent whole days in the forest stalking sambur, bison, and elephants. The slaughter of these last animals has been very properly forbidden by the Government. They live in the recesses of the jungle, browse on the tender shoots of wild bamboos, and do comparatively little harm to property or person. Mr. Hornaday did, however, obtain leave to shoot some specimens, and without leave he shot one in the territory of the Raja of Cochin, and was at as much pains to obliterate all traces of the deed as if he had committed a murder. The process of cutting up and preserving an elephant's skin, head, and tusks is fully described, and we have a long dissertation, with a diagram of the animal's skull, its vulnerable places, and the proper direction of a bullet, which will all be very useful to men possessed of the nerve sufficient to await the charge of a savage tusker and stop him within a few yards. We agree with the author in opinion that Mr. Sanderson in his valuable work has formed much too low an estimate of the intelligence and sagacity of the elephant. It is far more docile and obedient than a horse, and can at times evince affection and attachment not far inferior to that of a favourite dog. It may be, as Mr. Hornaday suggests, that thirteen years of experience bred a sort of contempt in Mr. Sanderson's mind. We have not a word to say against several of the failures or the successes achieved by the author in the Madras Hills. Every genuine sportsman does his best to be deadly, to hit the mark, and to put a wounded buck or bison out of its pain as soon as possible. And it is well known that bullets lodged in a fleshy part of the body inflict wounds that very soon heal. Animals dissected by Mr. Hornaday and others bring to light old bullets which had been received years before and which did no permanent injury. But we cannot think that it was necessary that Professor Ward, U.S., should be supplied with so many specimens of monkeys. These creatures, in their native jungles, do no harm whatever. They very rarely attack any human beings, and there are no gardens or orchards for them to rob. But Mr. Hornaday in the Animalais and in Borneo made large bags of these poor things; surprised them at rest, or brought them headlong from the tops of trees—huge males, which stood savagely at bay, or females with their young ones that when caught scratched and fought like "little devils." In one of these expeditions, however, Mr. Hornaday got possession of a young orang-utan, which became tractable, gentle, and affectionate. It is satisfactory to learn that on leaving for the States the author presented this interesting pet to his friend Mr. Theobald of the Forest Department, who came 350 miles from the Animalais to receive the gift.

Ceylon, as usual, disappointed the author. There were no spicy breezes, and this delusion, like that of the Taj, "ought to be given up." It is very probable that no traveller has yet become aware of the existence of cinnamon gardens when sailing off Galle or Colombo, but it is quite certain that the land wind of Ceylon, as distinguished from the sea breeze, can be felt by mariners and passengers, especially during the night, in the P. and O. and other steamers, as they are making for the harbour or roadstead. It is fair to state, however, that Colombo is described as a most beautiful city, well laid out; with a fine esplanade, smooth turf, and "nothing hackneyed about it." Most travellers visit Ceylon to shoot elephants, peacocks, and jungle-fowl—there being no tigers in the island—or to ascertain for themselves at what elevation, and with what aspect, coffee plantations can best thrive. But to Mr. Hornaday the island was valuable as a hunting-ground for alligators—which he calls crocodiles. He went to Jaffna, in the northern district, and thence to a place called Mullaitiva, in the direction of Trincomalee. He bargained with a native Tindal, or captain, to land him there in a regular tub of a vessel that took four days to do seventy-two miles. Once there he got more specimens of big alligators, some of them emaciated by a cutaneous disease like leprosy. He also witnessed specimens of the *Crocodilus Pidistris* that stood high on their legs, and walked, and even ran, without dragging their tails. But very queer features are observable in the East in animals as well as human beings. He also got more than forty specimens of the flying fox, or fox-bats, of which the skins or skeletons are dispersed in museums all over the States; two civet cats, a live loris, and a live manis. The last animal behaved quite in English style, refused all advances to intimacy, and coiled itself so stiffly, like a ball, that the efforts of three men could not uncoil it.

After Ceylon Mr. Hornaday stopped at Singapore, which did please him as "the handiest city" he ever saw, and "as carefully executed as though built entirely by one man." But the hotels were bad, and the amount of bad liquor consumed in them was quite appalling. This part of the tour was enlivened by a trip up the coast to Malacca and thence to Selangore by river. Here a disappointment at finding neither snakes nor pythons in the jungle was compensated by the performance of a Chinese fisherman, who showed how an alligator could be caught by a hook attached to strong tackle made out of pliable green bark. We give credence to the letterpress rather than to the illustration descriptive of this adventure. The creature once fairly hooked was hauled out of the water by sheer force. We own that we see nothing incredible in the means employed to effect this capture. Borneo was the last, and in some senses the most interesting, country seen in Mr.

Hornaday's tour. It is characteristic that he tries to make us realize its vast proportions by saying that the whole of New England, the Middle States, and Maryland could be set down in the forest which covers Borneo and still be surrounded by a wide belt of jungle. It is also satisfactory to find an emphatic approval of the forcible and philanthropic rule of the late Raja Brooke. A free and enlightened citizen of the Great Republic contemplates with evident relish the supremacy of Brooke over both a superior and an inferior race, over masters as well as slaves, writes no nonsense about national aspirations, does not stop to inquire whether Mahomedan Malays and piratical Dyaks wished to be annexed or not, but congratulates Englishmen and the world generally that the Raja, aided by Captain (now Sir Henry) Keppel, thrashed them into peace and coerced them into prosperity. In the opinion of the author, though there are many tribes and clans of aborigines in Borneo, the Dyaks may be classified in four great divisions—those of the sea, the Kyans, the Hill Dyaks, and the Mongols. And he has put together information, copious and detailed and at first-hand, regarding their religion or the want of it; their food and habits; their custom of inhabiting one long house, with a division of private and public rooms; their "monkey," "deer," and "war" dances; their system of wooing and betrothal; and their feasts and revelries, when they appear as gentlemen, even in their cups. We cannot, however, altogether subscribe to the encomiums lavished on the Dyak education and character. Very likely they are erect in carriage, graceful in movement, and independent and dignified. Now that they have been cured of a propensity for accumulating human heads they may commit few crimes. But they contract unpleasant cutaneous diseases, and they eat to excess, like other savages, whenever they can get pork, fruits, and vegetables. Their women, married at sixteen, are wrinkled hags at thirty. Doubts are expressed as to the existence of any religious feeling on their part, but the sea Dyaks believe in a supreme spirit, termed in Mr. Hornaday's language Battara or Jawata. We are quite unable to identify these nominatives with anything in the Sanskrit language or the Hindu mythology. Mr. Hornaday says they are Hindu names, and that the dead go to Sahyan, which is below the earth. Probably the author was not long enough in Borneo to discover the dark side of savage nature. The Dyaks shot with him, rowed his boat through swamps and rivers, and turned out to hunt for a faithful Chinese servant named Ah Kee, who was fond of shooting and got lost in the jungles. A month is but a short space in which to form a correct estimate of any tribe, civilized or not. You cannot skin and dissect the savage and know all about him as you can a black Langur or a Proboscis monkey. Some excellent advice is given in the appendix about the outfit for a taxidermist and a collector of specimens, as well as directions for skinning and mounting them. And, in palliation of some of Mr. Hornaday's offences against good taste, we may remember that, according to the Eastern proverb, one ought to look at Laila with the eyes of Majnūn.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE was once a person who was said "promener son ennui à travers l'Europe." In a slightly altered sense the phrase might be applied very happily to the mysterious Comte Vasili (1). He, too, is a representative of travelling ennui; but the evil quality in his case is not felt by himself, but communicated to his readers. It will always remain one of the most remarkable instances of the absurd appetite of readers for anything like gossip and backstairs information that these volumes of tattle and dulness, happily mixed, should have had the vogue which they have actually had. Politics à la Blowitz, and personal details à la "Jernigan-bring-me-my-garters," have in all cases made up the staple of Comte Vasili's view of European society. Sometimes (the variation according, it would seem, rather with the character of the source of information than of the subject) the gossip has been ill-natured, and the politics trivial, sometimes the gossip has been good-natured, and the politics trivial. The Madrid volume is rather an example of the latter class. In his Spanish phase Comte Vasili is kind and almost discreet towards the frailties of the great. And a good deal of the book is made up of *faits divers* and anecdotes about journalism and the like. It is a better kind than the kind of some of his other phases, but we cannot call it either important or interesting.

Considering the harm which Caroline of Naples did to the French and the weaknesses of her character, a history of her (2) by a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the kind who takes Michelet, not merely for what he was, a very great writer, but also for what he most assuredly was not, a sober historical authority, and who evidently believes with the utmost sincerity that any Power or personage that supported England against France was, *ipso facto*, wicked and abominable, might be expected to be a rather scandalous document. To do M. Gagnière justice, though he has not been sparing of strong language, he has avoided the Zolaesque touches to which the subject, or at least the gossip about the subject, might point. He gives a very full history of Lady Hamilton's earlier career without being too scandalous, and though he is quite certain with Michelet that Caroline was a

(1) *La société de Madrid.* Par le Comte Paul Vasili. Paris: Nouvelle Revue.

(2) *La reine Marie-Caroline de Naples.* Par A. Gagnière. Paris: Ollendorff.

Messalina, he is content to give no much more definite testimony on the subject than Michelet's extremely characteristic request to the reader to go and look at her bust and say if it is not like a Messalina. We fear this is not evidence. M. Gagnière's view of Nelson is made up of very generous and ungrudging admiration of his talents and heroism, and of a horror which unfortunately is, as before, a little mixed in its nature. We never can be quite certain whether Nelson's neglect of duty under the rocks of the Sirens, or the extreme inconvenience to France which his favour at the Neapolitan Court caused, is the real reason of M. Gagnière's wrath with the *rugissements de cannibales*, as he calls Nelson's correspondence with Troubridge, while the compliments of "peuple marchand," "vol de Malte," "dogues," "mensonges impudentes," and the like, which he is good enough to send to our address, are nothing new in French mouths. That he should see the real heroism in Caroline was perhaps impossible. But when he warmly denounces Nelson's and Lord St. Vincent's uncomplimentary description of the morals of the "innocentes Napolitaines," we really must, while allowing that moral indignation did not sit very well on Nelson at the particular period, remind him that it is, to say the least, some centuries since Naples had the reputation of being an abode of the virtues.

Alas! that the famous periodical *Le Castor* and its yet more famous editor are not in being. Here (and smartly written by a Marcel, too) is a history of French bonnet-making and hair-dressing (3), which *Le Castor* should have reviewed in its best and most learned style, say by Colline and Schaumard in collaboration. To speak more soberly and in terms to be better understood of the unhappy persons who have not read Murger, MM. d'Ézé and Marcel's *Histoire de la coiffure* is a most agreeable book to turn over, the two or three hundred engravings by M. Rocault being of themselves, in trade language, "excellent value" for the three shillings it costs. The countenances enshrined in the coiffure book type—straight or slightly aquiline and long of nose, drooping of eyelash, impossibly small and Cupid-bowed of mouth. The triumph would have been to suit the face to the coiffure. But that you can hardly expect at little more than a centime a picture, and the collection is really an invaluable one for artists, amateur actors, ladies who like to dress out of the fashion, and people generally who like what deserves liking. The letterpress also is good and readable.

We have before us two educational books, both of which exemplify the immense influence with the historico-philological method as popularized by Brachet and others has had on the teaching of French. M. Pellissier's (4) Vocabulary, classified under roots, is elaborate and learned, and to intelligent students will doubtless be useful. We should suggest to M. Pellissier the advantage of grouping together (with small print it need not take much room) all the head words of his families. M. Boëlle's abridged edition of *Les Misérables* (5) shows in its second as in its first part industry and a praiseworthy desire to acquaint the student with literature and philology at once. But we cannot alter the decision that the notes of an edition of a particular book are not the proper places in which to reproduce dictionary entries. An account, for instance, of the process by which *cambier* becomes *changer*, is the concern of the lexicographer, not of the editor of texts.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ONE of the most interesting volumes in the "Fine Art Library," edited by Mr. Sparkes, is *A Short History of Tapestry*, by M. Eugène Müntz, translated by Miss Louise J. Davis (Cassell & Co.). The materials for such a work are so abundant that the author's task of compression was by no means light. His chief endeavour has been to present in clear narrative the historical sequence of the various developments of an art which, though now hopelessly in its decadence, is scarcely inferior in the antiquity of its origin to sculpture or painting. The scheme of M. Müntz is fairly realized; and, from the student's point of view, is admirably aided by the large number and excellent execution of the illustrations, by a short chapter explaining the mystery of high and low warp looms, and by an appendix giving the marks and monograms of the more famous European factories. M. Müntz is very careful to distinguish between the products of the loom, which he regards as tapestry proper, and all work of pure handicraft usually spoken of as tapestry, such as embroidered fabrics worked with the needle. Exactitude in this matter is all the more necessary because of the revival of art processes that simulate tapestry. As might be expected of a specialist, the views of M. Müntz as to the limitations of this historic and poetic art are thoroughly conservative.

Imitations of the classic poets, or adaptations of their writings to modern manners, are much more numerous than successful. Even when tolerable they have generally aroused only a partial

(3) *Histoire de la coiffure des femmes en France*. Par G. d'Ézé et A. Marcel. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *French Roots and their Families*. By E. Pellissier. London: Macmillan & Co.

(5) *Les Misérables*. Edited by J. Boëlle. Vol. II. London: Williams & Norgate.

enthusiasm. Lord Houghton, for instance, found more to commend in "Aristophanes in London" than most of Peacock's admirers have been able to admit. Lovers of Horace will certainly be divided in determining the exact measure of the Horatian spirit in Hugh Haliburton's *Horace in Homespun* (Edinburgh: Paterson). Mr. J. Logie Robertson, who introduces the author of these humorous Scottish pastorals as a genuine shepherd of the Ochils, is perhaps less concerned with the question of the metamorphosis suggested than with the broad characteristics of philosophy common to his protégé and the old poet. In his studies of life and his philosophical descent on its mutability the Scottish poet accords with Horace in number of points that are readily recognized, while he preserves peculiar individuality and raciness of humour. He handles the favourite stanza of Burns with equal discretion and dexterity, approving himself in divers utterances of his Doric muse a true poet.

Politicians who fluently prattle of the evils of our land system, and of the alienation of the people from the land, betray so frequently a complete ignorance of the history of the laws relating to the tenure of land that there is plenty of room for a clear and concise exposition of the origin and evolution of the land laws. This is provided by a little book that deserves to be widely read, entitled *Historical Sketch of the Distribution of Land in England* (Macmillan & Co.), the work of Professor Birkbeck. In the course of his historical survey the author deals effectively with certain much-quoted statements of Mr. Thorold Rogers; to wit, that "the English nation is tenant at will to a few thousand landowners," and that the deterioration of the rural population is due to the machinations of two lawyers of the Restoration, whose provisions for the stricter settlement of land tended to divorce the labourer from the soil. Strict settlements were introduced, as the author shows, more than a century before the Restoration. Apart from all technical matters, it is characteristic of the times that Professor Birkbeck does not conclude his thesis without touching on the question of allotments. He also advocates the amendment of the law of primogeniture—though he admits that it seldom operates—and the enactment of some scheme of registration, applicable to the whole country, that may facilitate sale and transfer.

If any further proof were needed of the superiority of prose as the vehicle for narration, it is supplied by *The Romance of Dennell*, a poem in five cantos of blank verse, interspersed with lyrics (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.). We have not the least doubt that Mr. Mozley could tell the story of the loves of Dennell and Helen, of Peranne and Sylvia, to much greater advantage in prose. His poem, indeed, must be read as *Aurora Leigh* is read; not for its story—for it can awake but a fluctuant interest—but for the isolated passages of description and the occasional true and fervid inspiration of the lyrics.

Lovers of poetry, for whom first editions are unattainable, will welcome the facsimile reprint of the first edition (1650) of Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans* (Elliot Stock), to which is prefixed a bibliography and introduction by the Rev. William Clare, of Adelaide.

Among our new editions are the third volume of the "Avon" edition of *Shakspeare's Works* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *Shakspeare's King John*, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright for the "Clarendon Press Series" (Oxford: Clarendon Press); the people's edition of Bastiat's *Essays on Political Economy* (Beer & Co.); *Geometrical Drawing*, by the Rev. J. H. Robson, LL.D. (Relfe Bros.); Mr. John Morley's *Rousseau* (Macmillan & Co.), and *Whitaker's Almanack*, 1886, excellent as ever, and which in its next issue is to be entirely remodelled, though without affecting its bulk or impairing its utility.

We have received *The Homes of the Birds*, a book for the young, with pretty illustrations (Nelson & Co.); *The Reformation and its Heroes*, by the Rev. Dr. Newton (Nelson & Co.); *The Catholic Soldier's Guide* (Dublin: Gill); *The Psalms Illustrated from Scripture* (Nelson & Co.); *The Constitution, By-Laws and Resolutions of the American Economic Association* (New York: Cowen); *Dogs in Health and Disease*, by John Sutcliffe Hurndall (Gould); *The Reign of Law in Medicine*, the Hahnemann oration, 1885, by Dr. Dyce Brown (Trübner & Co.); Dr. E. B. Aveling's *Chemistry of the Non-Metallies* (Hughes); *The International Journal of the Medical Sciences* for January 1886 (Cassell & Co.); *Thom's Official Directory* for 1886, and *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England* for the present year (S.P.C.K.).

Messrs. Warne have done a good deed in reprinting in their Chando Classics the late Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust*. Without entering into the vexed question of the merits of different versions, we may say that the sometime American Minister at Berlin has undoubtedly given the closest rendering in verse yet published. The book is very well printed, and buyers may choose between copies ready cut and cloth bound or uncut copies in plain blue linen. In one thing, we think, Messrs. Warne have made a mistake by "compressing" the notes. They should have left them out (they are not strictly necessary) or given them all.

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[February 13, 1886.]

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